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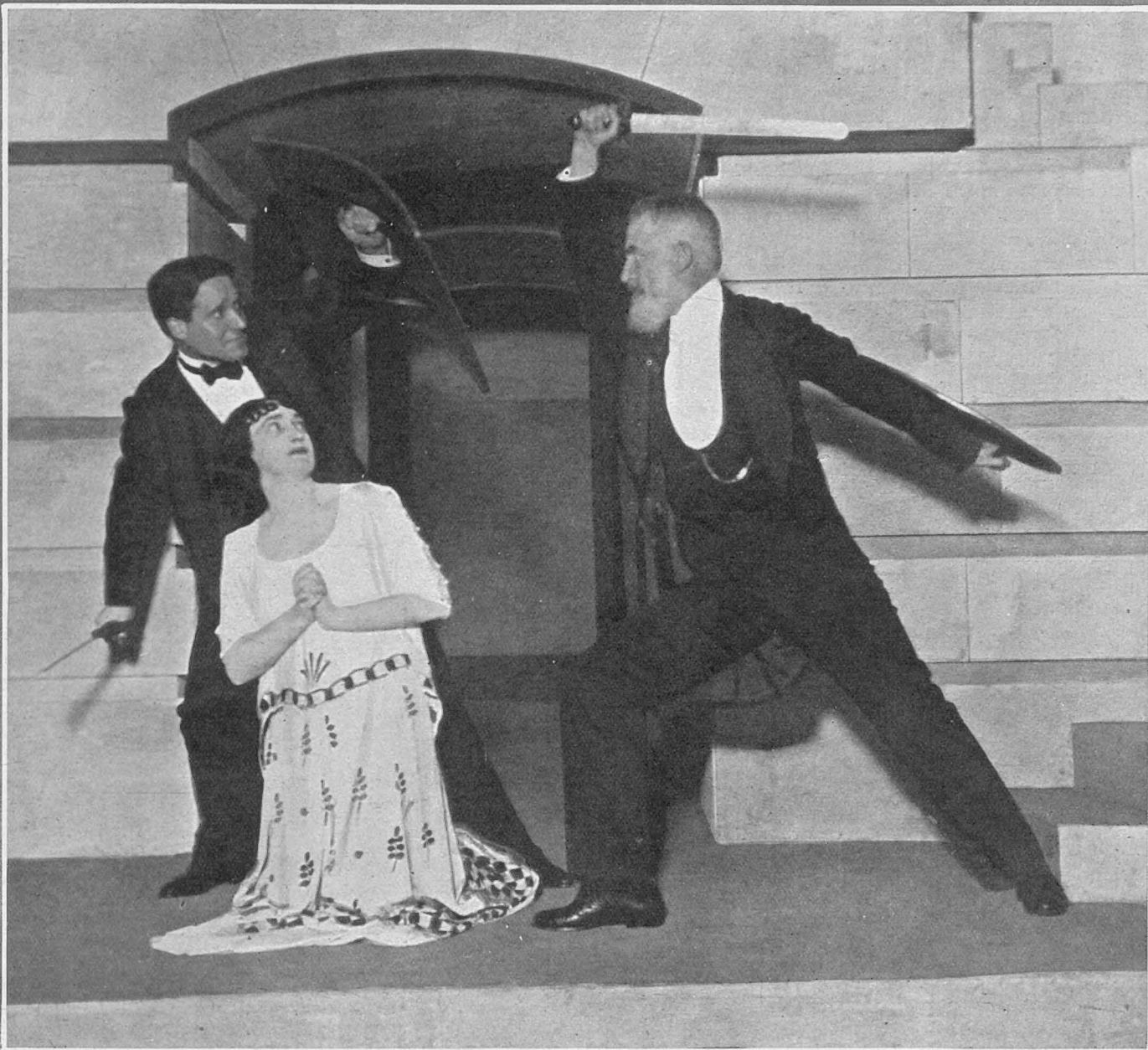
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The Sketch

No. 1077.—Vol. LXXXIII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1913.

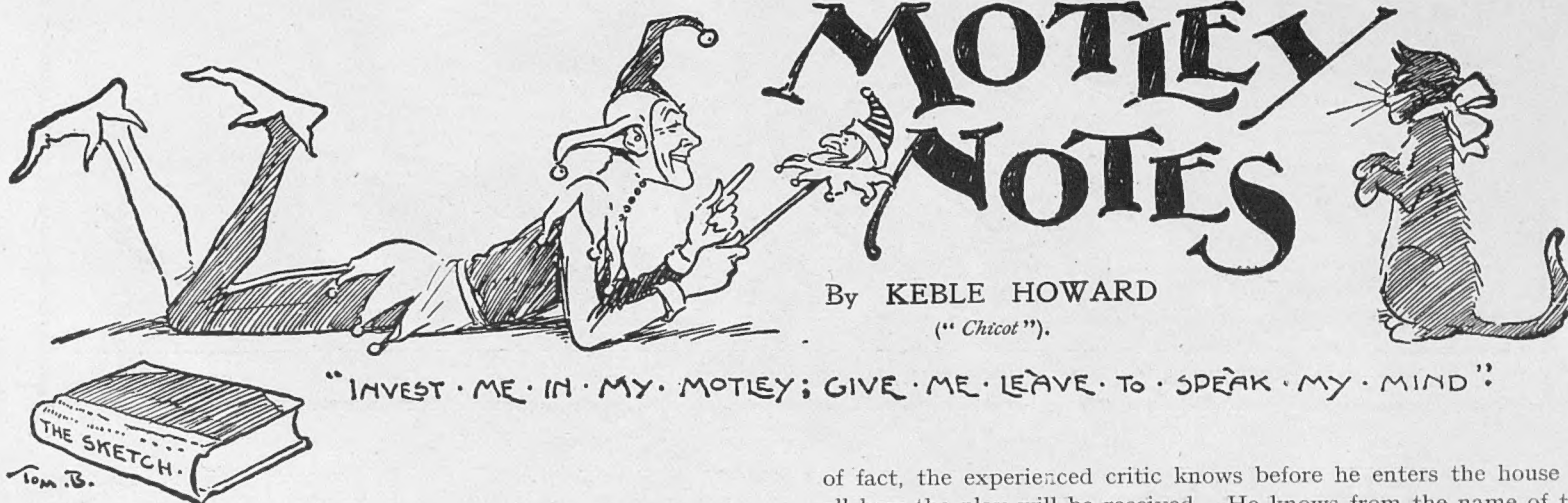
SIXPENCE.



MOCK HEROICS: MR. BERNARD SHAW'S REALISM DURING A REHEARSAL GIVES MR. GRANVILLE BARKER ANXIETY FOR THE SAFETY OF LAVINIA, HIS WIFE.

Here is an amusing photograph showing what did not occur at the average rehearsal of "Androcles and the Lion," which is now running at the St. James's: it may be imagined, indeed, that the incident happened only for the benefit of the photographer!

On the left is Mr. Granville Barker, who produced the fable-play; in the centre is Miss Lillah McCarthy (Mrs. Granville Barker), the Lavinia of the play; on the right is Mr. Bernard Shaw.—[Photograph by Alwin Langdon Coburn.]



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

The Price of a Chop. A good many hard things have been said lately, and not altogether without reason, of the country inn. To-day I wish to relate a small experience of my own at a seaside hotel. I must not, of course, mention the name of the hotel, but I may say that it is a large hotel at a well-known seaside resort on the South Coast. Whether it is privately owned, or whether it belongs to a company, I have not the slightest idea. That, in any case, is not the point. The point is that, since I always use hotels as a private individual, and register my private name in the book, I am treated exactly like any other member of the public, and am therefore in a position to defend the public should necessity arise.

I went into this hotel, quite by chance, for lunch. After looking through the menu, and seeing nothing particularly wholesome or attractive, I asked the waiter if he could get me a chop. He replied, rather to my astonishment, that he would consult the cook. In two minutes he returned, and informed me that I could have a chop, but that I must wait twenty minutes for it, and the price of the chop would be three shillings. I did not in the least mind waiting twenty minutes, nor had I asked him the price of a chop. The gratuitous information annoyed me. I interpreted it as an attempt on the part of the cook to bluff me into taking something that was ready, and I therefore sent for the head-waiter. The head-waiter approached with an excellent imitation of the late King Agag.

The Reason. "I understand," I said politely, "that you charge three shillings for a chop at this hotel. Is that correct?"

"Yes, Sir, that is the price."

"Being a householder, I happen to know that the average cost of a chop is sixpence. Allowing sixpence for the coal or gas required to cook it, and a shilling for the use of your table, table-cloth, table-napkin, cruet, knife and fork, that still leaves you a profit of a shilling on one chop. Do you consider this reasonable?"

"That is our usual price for a chop."

"Are you aware that a chop may be obtained at a leading London hotel for eighteenpence or two shillings at the outside?"

"Not with vegetables."

"I did not ask for vegetables. Nothing was said about vegetables. As a matter of fact, for the time being, my doctor has advised me not to eat vegetables. The price quoted by your cook, who gave the information voluntarily, and seems to be the head of this establishment, was three shillings for a chop. I merely wish to point out to you that that price is excessive, not to say prohibitive. Please bring me some cold beef."

He began to explain, volubly, that the London season lasted all the year round, whilst the seaside season—and so on.

When you hear of certain seaside hotels going bankrupt, friend the reader, do not shed tears too readily.

"Booing." It is more than five years since I gave up going to the first nights of new plays. For ten years or so, I attended most of the "first nights," but now I wait until the players have settled into their parts, and then stroll into the pit and have a really good evening. It is rather surprising to me to find, therefore, that the dear old vexed question of "booing" should still be so vigorous as to draw forth a leader in the *Daily Mail*. Personally, I rarely waited to see whether a play was "well received" or not. I had come to know just how a play would be received long before the fall of the final curtain. In point

of fact, the experienced critic knows before he enters the house at all how the play will be received. He knows from the name of the theatre, the name of the management, the name of the author, and the names of the principal players.

I often wonder, then, why the gallery take the trouble to "boo" a play they do not like. Apart from manners, is it worth the energy expended? I can assure them that "booing" has no effect whatsoever upon the critics, who have long since made up their minds about the play. If anything, a "hostile reception" may make the notices a little more friendly than they would otherwise have been. The managers are not affected, because all they have to do is to wait for the box-office verdict in the morning. The players are the people to be hurt, so that the gallery are merely wounding the feelings of the players. Is this what they are after? If it is, they should be more discriminating.

Troubles of "An Old-World Wife." "An Old-World Wife" writes to one of my daily papers to ask her fellow-readers to consider "whether we women are making for civilisation or barbarism." "Our tight and scanty clothing," she continues, "and our ungraceful manners set one wondering whether 'mere man' is thinking better or worse of us, and if it is not all rather barbaric. To see a pretty young girl lolling back in an easy chair with a fine display of feet and ankles—to say the least of it—smoking cigarettes is, to my mind, a picture that is not altogether pleasing."

Answering for the majority of "mere men," I am afraid I must assure "An Old-World Wife" that she has succeeded in drawing a picture that is altogether pleasing. I, for my part, have tried very hard to be shocked by the picture, and have utterly failed. I have, in my awful life, seen a good many pretty young girls lolling back in easy chairs, and I cannot remember that I even winced. As to the cigarette and the fine display of feet and ankles, I am all for pretty young girls smoking an occasional cigarette. I don't like the pretty young girls who smoke so many cigarettes that their fingers are permanently stained with nicotine, but the occasional cigarette seems to me quite graceful, quite companionable, and not unhealthy.

Lastly, the feet and ankles. . . . No. I have just tried myself for the last time, and even the feet and ankles do not shock me. Which is the more odd because I am the oldest-fashioned person in these islands.

A Plea for the "Sick Boys."

What do you do with your back numbers of *The Sketch* and other illustrated papers and magazines, friend the reader? I will tell you what I do with mine. I tie them up in a bundle and send them to a naval hospital on the East Coast. Sometimes, apparently, they find their way to distant parts of the world. Here is a charming letter of acknowledgment just to hand—

Sick Bay, H.M.S. *Hyacinth*, Zanzibar.

July 23, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—Having found your card among some books sent to our Sick Bay, I should like to thank you very much for the same. They were greatly appreciated, I assure you, as, naturally, it can't be half so nice (if such a term can be used) confined to one's bed in a ship as in a hospital on shore, and a book helps to pass many a long hour away. We get plenty on board, but this is the first opportunity I have ever had of knowing from whence they came, so, trusting you will accept our thanks and best wishes,

I remain, Yours sincerely,

C. E. LOWE, E.R.A.,

and "the other sick boys."

It does not take long to pack them up and send them off. I appeal to you, friend the reader, to spend a few minutes, a few stamps, and a little trouble on behalf of the "sick boys."

BRASSARD AND BREAST-BADGE BLOUSES: A NEW MODE.



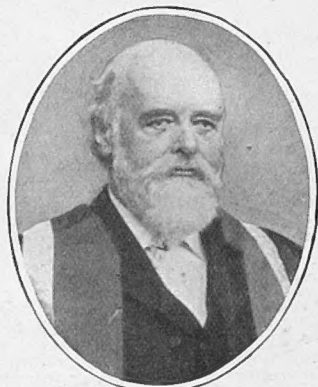
THE VERY LATEST: PICTORIAL ARMLETS AND BADGES AND INSCRIPTION-BADGES AS DECORATION FOR BLOUSES.

Here is illustrated the very latest fashion from Paris—the blouse with the armband, the breast-badge, or the inscription-badge. The wording of the inscription on the blouse of the lady shown in the first photograph is: "Tu parles," which may be

translated roughly by the slang phrase: "Now you *are* talking." The small upper circle shows the inscription "Comment"; the meaning of this, under the circumstances, we cannot even guess at.

Photographs by H. Manuel, Paris.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HATS TO—



SIR OLIVER LODGE—FOR TELLING US WE SHALL EXIST AFTER GETTING RID OF OUR VILE BODIES.

In his presidential address to the British Association on psychical research and continuity in nature, Sir Oliver Lodge expressed his belief that "already the facts so examined have convinced me that memory and affection are not limited to that association with matter by which alone they can manifest themselves here and now, and that personality persists beyond bodily death."—Mlle. Rachel Bérendt is to play the title-part in "Phèdre" at a matinée to be given at the New Theatre on September 23. She will be supported by a special French company.—Mr. J. A. E. Malone, who has just become a Director of the Gaiety Theatre, has been Mr. George



MLLE. RACHEL BÉRENDT—FOR HER COURAGE IN UNDERTAKING SUCH A BIG PART AS PHÈDRE IN LONDON.



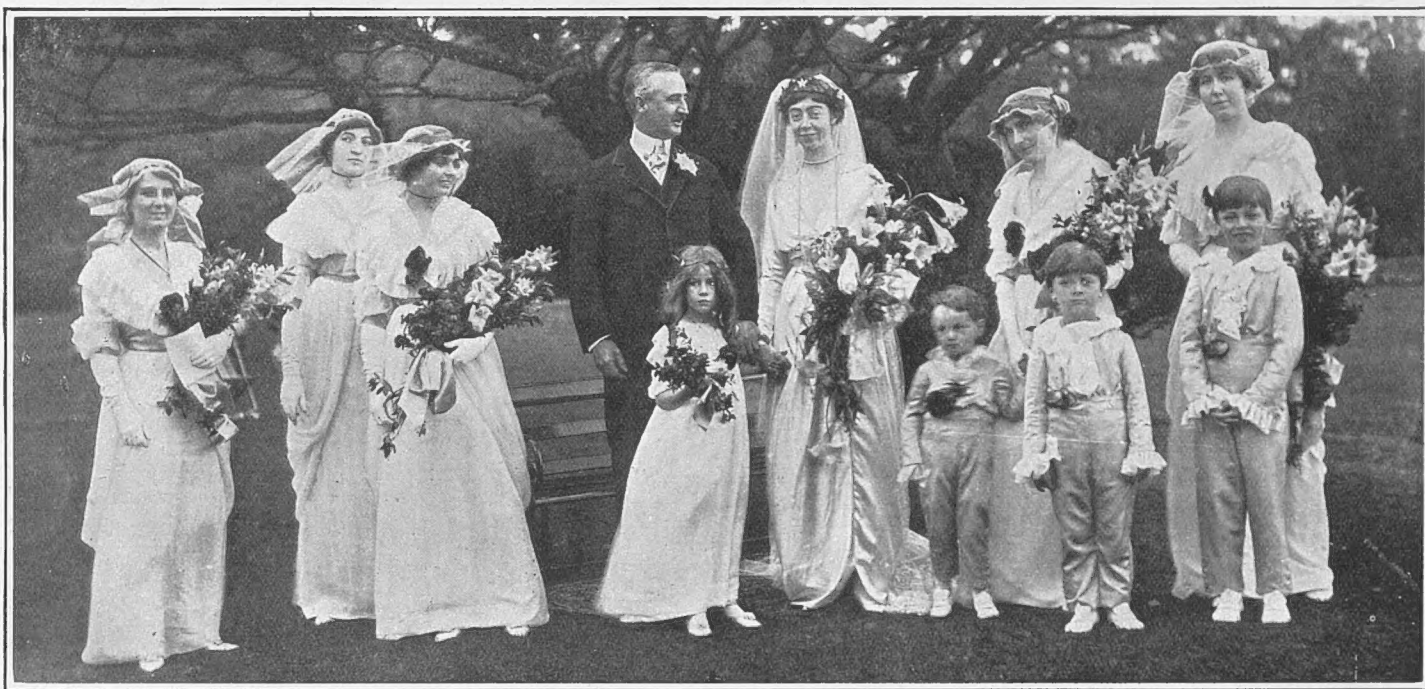
MR. J. A. E. MALONE—FOR BECOMING A DIRECTOR OF THE GAIETY THEATRE.

Edwardes's right-hand man for twenty-five years, and, it is said, has produced more musical plays than any other living manager.—Mr. W. J. Bryan, the United States Secretary of State, does not think it "infra dig." to supplement his official salary (£2500 a year), which he declares insufficient, by appearing as a star turn in a moving-tent show run by the Chautauqua Association. It began on September 9 a twelve days' tour, giving entertainments in various parts of the States. Mr. Bryan's "turn" is a lecture, but the company also includes conjurers and jugglers, Alpine yodellers, and an operatic troupe. He receives £50 a day for his services.



MR. W. J. BRYAN—FOR COMBINING THE DUTIES OF SECRETARY OF STATE WITH THOSE OF STAR TURN.

Photographs by L.N.A., Claude Harris, Ellis and Walery, and Underwood and Underwood.



MAJOR AND MRS. E. H. T. PARSONS—FOR BEING THE PRINCIPAL FIGURES IN A PICTURESQUE WEDDING GROUP AT PAISLEY.

The wedding of Major Edward Howard Thornbrough Parsons and Miss Marion Marjorie Winifred Glen-Coats took place at the Thomas Coats Memorial Church at Paisley on September 10. The bride is a daughter of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, of Ferguslie Park, Paisley. The bridegroom is a Chief Constable of the Metropolitan

Police, and was formerly in the Royal Artillery. The bride was attended by five bridesmaids—Misses Irene Philips, Joan Balfour, the Hon. Iona Macdonald, Margery Renshaw, and Kitty Ormond, and by five children—Miss Sylvia Philips, and Masters William and Humphrey Walrond, Archie Boyle, and Malcolm Laing.

Photograph by Lafayette, Glasgow.



MR. W. B. MAXWELL — FOR HAVING "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN" "BLOCKED" BY THE LIBRARIES.

Once more controversy has arisen regarding the unofficial censorship over new books exercised by the circulating libraries. Recently the novel in the case was Mr. Hall Caine's "The Woman Thou Gavest Me"; now Mr. W. B. Maxwell's "The Devil's Garden," and Mr. Compton Mackenzie's "Sinister Street" have been similarly put on the "Grey List,"—that is, they are not placed on view in the libraries, and are only supplied when specifically asked for. Mr. Maxwell speaks of his book as having been "blocked" (the libraries' own term, he says), and Mr. Mackenzie of his as having been "queered." In a letter to the "Pall Mall Gazette" Mr. Maxwell wrote: "My book is, of course, outspoken; it deals with life, and not with fairyland; but, quite obviously, I am always on the side of the angels."—It was reported a few days ago that Mr. Ronald C. Kemp, an



MR. RONALD C. KEMP—FOR GIVING AN OPTICAL ILLUSION OF FOUR SOMERSAULTS IN AN AEROPLANE.



MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE, FOR HAVING HIS NOVEL "SINISTER STREET," "QUEERED" BY THE LIBRARIES.

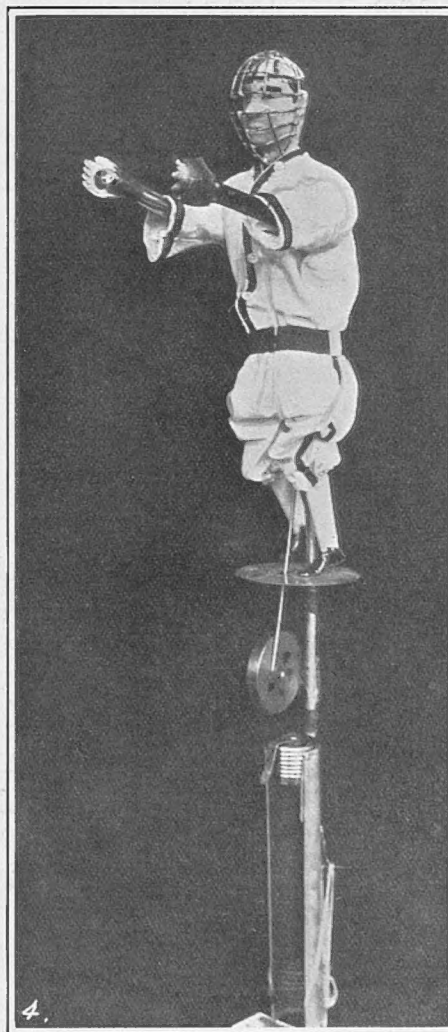
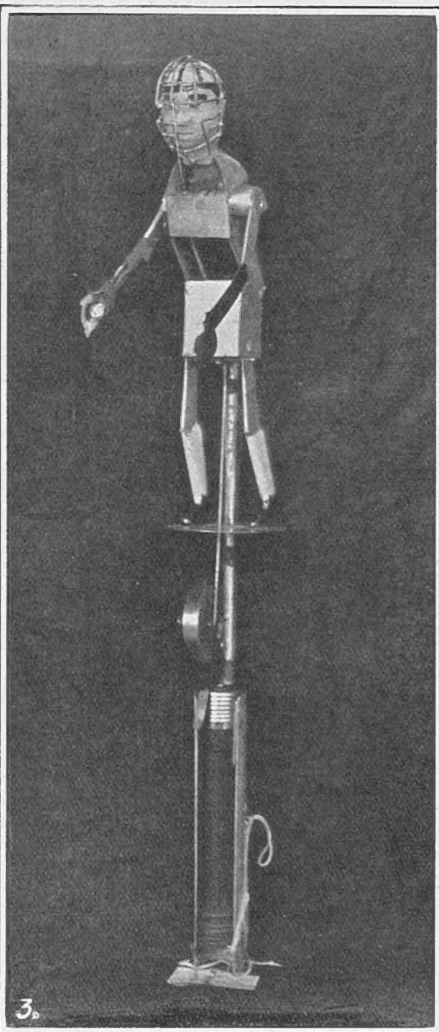
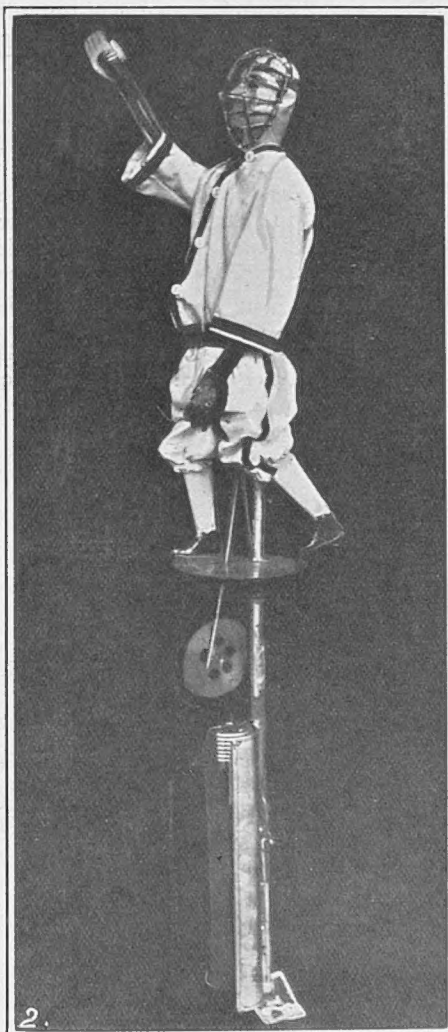
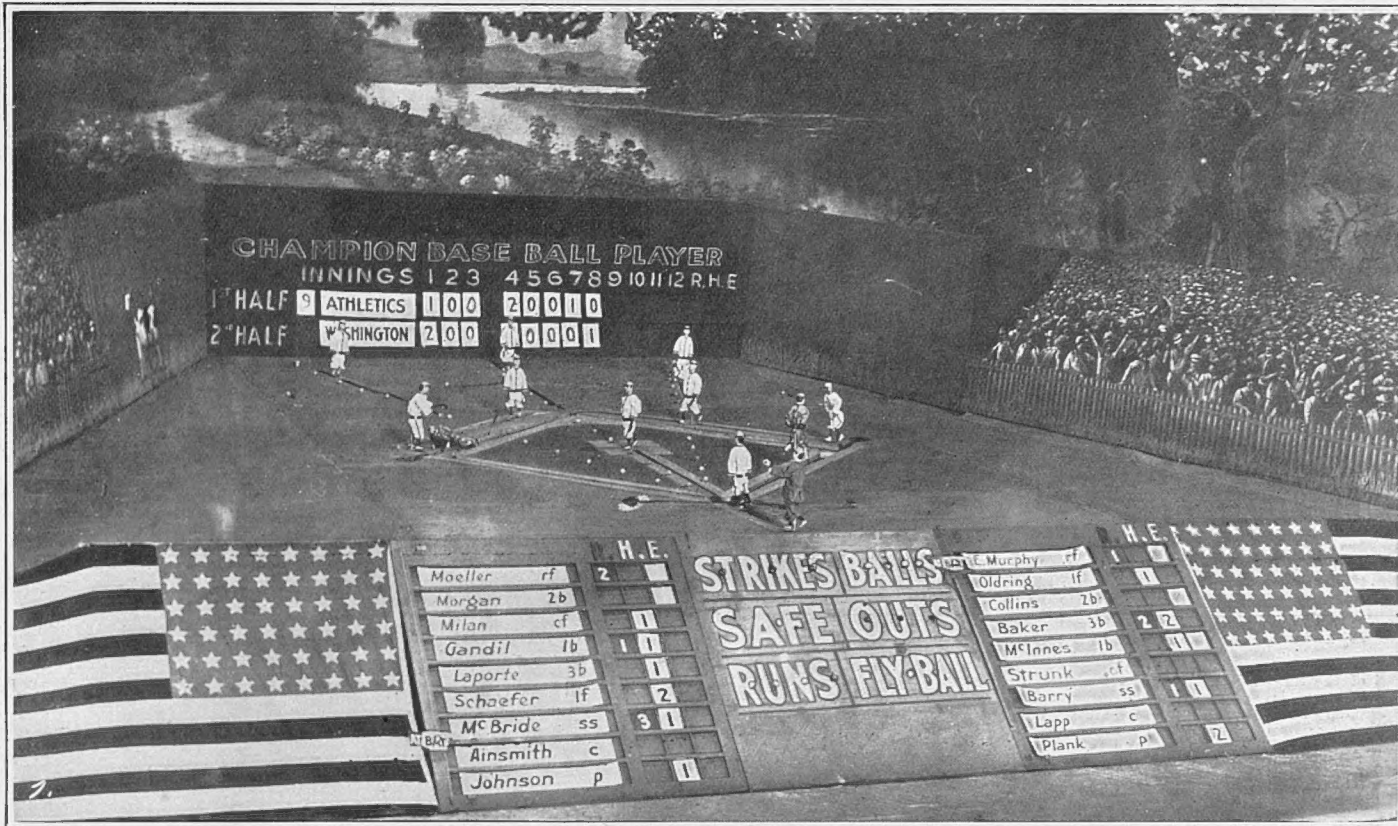
airman of the Civil Staff of the Royal Air-craft Factory at Farnborough, while flying at a height of 2000 feet at Frensham, Surrey, lost control of his machine, and that it turned completely over four times in the air before he regained control and brought it safely, though somewhat violently, to earth. Mr. Kemp subsequently stated that the alleged somersaults must have been an optical illusion.—Tennyson's grandson, the Hon. Lionel Hallam Tennyson, eldest son and heir of the present Baron, has leapt into fame as a cricketer with extraordinary rapidity. He made his début in first-class cricket only in July, when he made a century for the M.C.C. against Oxford. Now he has been selected for the M.C.C. team to represent England in South Africa. To attain Test Match rank at twenty-three is very unusual. Mr. Tennyson is fifth in the All-England batting averages this season.



THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON—FOR WINNING CRICKET LAURELS EARLY AND GOING TO SOUTH AFRICA.

Photographs by L.N.A., Beresford, and Sport and General.

FOR ABSENT "FANS" TO FOLLOW THE GAME: MANIKIN BASEBALL.



1. REPRODUCING A GAME IN PUPPET SHOW: A REALISTIC BASEBALL INDICATOR.
2. A MANIKIN BASEBALL-PLAYER AND HIS "WORKS": A CATCHER IN THROWING POSITION.

An ingenious American has devised a realistic baseball indicator, worked electrically, which can reproduce in puppet show the progress of a game, thus enabling absent "fans," or "fanciers," as the enthusiastic supporters of a team are called in the States, to follow the exploits of their heroes. To quote the "Scientific American": "When the World's Series is played in October between the two championship teams of the National and American Leagues, the fans of the two winning cities, as well as those in the other cities of the leagues, will be able to witness every move and

3. DIVESTED OF HIS BASEBALL "TOGS": A MANIKIN PLAYER UN-DRESSED.
4. THE MANIKIN CATCHER IN CATCHING POSITION.

every act of the star players. . . . This 'player' is a faithful representation of the game—diamond, grandstand, fences with advertisements on them . . . the scoreboard in center field, and, lastly, umpire and players that do everything but talk. . . . Besides an electrician who operates a switchboard . . . nine men are required to handle the players. One of these men also announces balls and strikes as the plays are made. . . . Great enthusiasm is aroused among the fans who witness a game on the board."—[Photographs by courtesy of the "Scientific American,"]

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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE heart of Mr. G. R. Sims is obviously in its proper place. He is a social reformer. Thieves and baby-farmers, ceremonial processions and church robberies, are his subject; distressed Peeresses with long-lost children are his especial care; and how he hates a wicked cousin who by foul machinations has secured the family estates! His world is one half very black, and one half very, very white; and the white part, with its tearful mother, its model priest, and saintly little girls and boys, is considerably the more exasperating of the two. But you are not expected to apply anything higher than a transpontine standard to the means by which he delivers his message. Melodramas without messages are more entertaining; but if you want to impress a gallery with the importance of being good, this is, no doubt, the way to do it. Acting in such cases is not of much importance; but they for whom the message was meant were touched by the sorrows of Miss Hilda Spong, and enjoyed the gentle sprightliness of Sister Lil as played by Miss Dulcie Greatwich, in "The Ever Open Door," at the Aldwych.

Once again do the dramatists of America set out to tell us what strange creatures are the human beings who live in New York. "Years of Discretion," at the Globe Theatre, is called a comedy, and, in spite of certain farcical incidents, it does not appear to be intended to be a farce. It is probably just one more example of the inability of so many writers of plays successful in the United States to see anything or anybody except through the glasses of antique convention. There is humour in the drawing of the chief part, the middle-aged widow whom Miss Ethel Irving plays with all her brilliant art. She puts off her middle-age in disgust and flashes out to dazzle the gentlemen of New York; and then, having captured the least strange of them (there is always an air of sober reality about Mr. Aubrey Smith), she retires with him contentedly to her wrinkles and grey hair. It is all very merrily done—you can trust Miss Irving for that; but we should take more interest in it had it not been done so often before. And the weird gentlemen who flutter round her, how curious they are! Mr. Gerald Lawrence is at times amusing; but the rest of their antics and their conversation is merely farcical without being particularly funny, and the introduction of a gramophone solo is a novelty which has little to recommend it.

"Girls," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, will do nothing to add lustre to the memory of Mr. Clyde Fitch—nor will it take away such lustre as there already is. He was a dramatist with a marvellous gift of being just exasperatingly commonplace, unimaginative, and tiresome; and this is exactly what "Girls" is. He was not the man to tell the story of Princess Ida over again, but that did not prevent him from making the attempt. So New York girls vow eternal independence of New York men, and collapse at the first attack: and what girls and what men they are! If New York does not mind seeing itself and being shown to London in this light, well and good; we need say no more. But it was sad to see Miss Enid Bell and Miss Esmé Beringer and Mr. Sam Sothorn struggling with the thankless stuff that here passes for romance.

This year's Drury Lane drama is the best example there has yet been of the complicated and elaborate things that can be done if you have a stage large enough to do them and mechanical engineers of sufficiently inventive genius. The deck of the battle-ship is a great sight, and there must be an army of men engaged upon the air-ship which rises into space and is gashed by shells and falls into a raging sea—to say nothing of the more ordinary and more lifelike pictures of things like a burglary and a fashionable gaming-house, a sale at Christie's, and a flower-show at Chelsea—all which scenes are necessary to illustrate the remarkable story of crime and international complications and mild love-affairs which Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton have set out with their usual regard for all the latest events which the newspapers have had to record. It is all very strange and entertaining; in fact, more entertaining than usual. The acting, too, is exceptionally good: Miss Fanny Brough is helped by that very pleasant American, Mr. Hamilton Hale, and Mr. C. M. Hallard, Miss Madge Fabian, Mr. Langhorne Burton, and Mr. Edward Sass are notable figures in a cast which is of all-round excellence.

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TRAVEL PERILS AND PRECAUTIONS : DISMISSED TERRITORIALS : THE KAISER MANOEUVRES : A PICARDY CUSTOM.

Safety in Railway Carriages.

There was a time when, impressed by the accounts of a series of hotel fires in America, I used always to ask, if I was put high up in any hotel, what facilities there were for escape from my room should the hotel be burned down. There have been no hotel horrors of fire for quite a long period, and I have forgotten now to ask my question, but I shall feel much inclined in future, when travelling on any high-speed train on any of the great lines, to ask what precautions are taken in case there should be a collision and the train should catch fire. No doubt, the railway authorities should give their servants the simple drill necessary to meet the emergencies that may occur, and I do not think that it would frighten even the most timorous passenger if he saw in the corridor of each carriage a fair-sized fire-extinguisher and a crowbar for breaking open doors if necessary. None of us on board ship think that we are going to be shipwrecked because there are cork belts in our cabins.

Fire-proof Carriages.

When the London Tubes were still a novelty, and some nervous souls were afraid of what might happen should there be an accident of any kind in the bowels of the earth, it was hammered into all our heads through the columns of the daily papers that the Tube carriages were constructed mainly of metal, and that all the wood-work in them had been rendered fire-proof. A Tube railway-carriage has not been made uncomfortable by these precautions, and I am sure that the big lines which run on the surface of the earth would be wise, when they build new carriages, to make them fire-proof, even if they have to sacrifice the panelling of beautiful inlaid woods with which so many of the cars are now decorated. One precaution most of the Companies seem to be now taking, and that is the gradual substitution of electricity for gas to give light to the carriages. Possibly, in course of time, the great express engines will be fed by electricity, and there will then be no great cavern of glowing coal in them to shoot out fire on to the shattered wood of a telescoped carriage and set the inflammable material at once in a blaze.

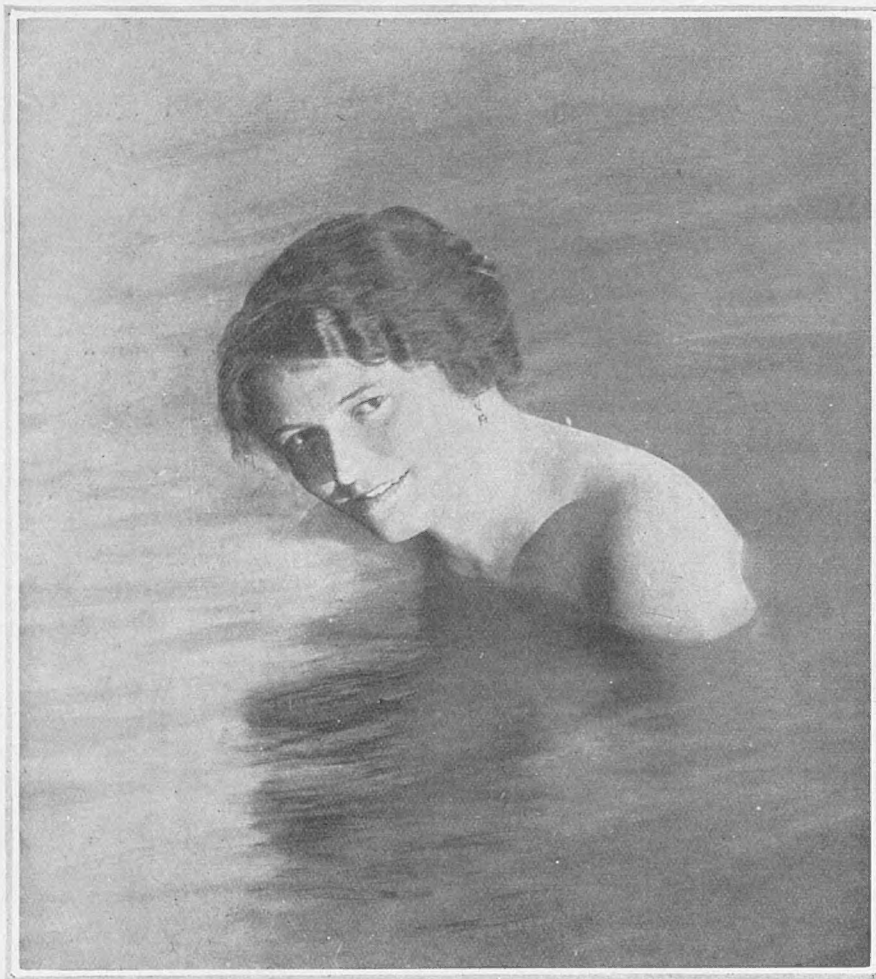
Penalised Patriotism.

Sir Mark Sykes, writing to the *Yorkshire Post*, tells the story of two Yorkshire Territorial soldiers who have lost their means of livelihood by joining that force, and the story is disturbing reading. The two young men were farm-servants of irreproachable character; one man was dismissed for attending a musketry practice, and the other for going to camp. No doubt, the employers of these men thought, as many employers do, that they were unfairly treated by their servants giving some of their time to the service of the State, and it raises again the difficult question whether employers should be given some encouragement to allow their men to join the Territorials, or should be punished in some indirect manner if they refuse to allow

their employés to become citizen soldiers. Perhaps encouragement of some kind to the patriotic farmer, employer of labour, and man of business would be a more satisfactory method of solving the difficult problem than an attempt to punish the unpatriotic. It should be remembered that if our Territorials are ever to come up to the standard which is necessary for the safety of this country from invasion, the time they spend in camp must be made longer and the employers must be asked to give them more leave of absence.

The German Manoeuvres.

I would be prepared to make a small wager that in the Kaiser manoeuvres in Germany, in progress as I write, the Blue or defending force will rout the Red or invading force with enormous slaughter, thus reversing last year's defeats. The manoeuvres are being held on historic battle-fields, for the area of operations is that on which the great battles of the War of Independence of 1813 were fought, and it would be very unfortunate if the German soldiers of to-day were beaten, even in make-belief, by their own countrymen, on the battle-fields where they overthrew the ever-victorious armies of Bonaparte. The Kaiser has among his staff some cinematograph operators, and though foreign correspondents are not allowed to go where they please, or record incidents of the fights prematurely, but only to witness something of the operations under close supervision, we shall see, I am sure, on the screens of London picture-theatres some exploits of the Blue force, and that great charge of many regiments of cavalry to which the Kaiser always treats himself in the closing phases as a spectacular *bonne bouche*. The destruction of the Red aeroplane station by a Blue Zeppelin dirigible on the opening day of the manoeuvres was a promise of the Blue victories to come.



THE BATHER : A STUDY ON THE SPREE.

Photograph by Willinger.

A Fisherman Superstition.

The other day, while in Picardy, I learned of one of the superstitions of the fishermen of that coast. A new big fishing-boat, built at Étaples, and called *Notre Dame de Boulogne*, after the black statue which is the guardian saint of the Plage of the Entente Cordiale, was launched, and on her maiden trip to Boulogne the crew insisted that some strangers should be on board, for it is only by offering such hospitality that a prosperous career to a new fishing-boat can be assured, so the owner of the boat asked some of the artists of the British and American painter-colony at Étaples to come on board, and there was a *punch d'honneur* offered to them as the boat left her moorings. Some of the ladies, seeing the grey sea ridged with white outside the estuary of the Canche, thought a short voyage would assure good luck to the boat as effectually as a long one, and asked to be put on shore at Paris Plage, before the boat was outside the estuary; but the bolder spirits persevered, and made the longer voyage. The weaker vessels, apparently, did not trust Our Lady of Boulogne to save them from ills.

A RETURN TO COMIC OPERA: "LOVE AND LAUGHTER"



1. THE APPEARANCE ON THE SCENE OF ALFRED HARRIS, WHO HAS BEEN GIVING PRINCE CAROL LESSONS IN FLYING: MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS ALFRED HARRIS, MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS PRINCE CAROL, MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS PRINCESS YOLANDE, AND MISS YVONNE ARNAUD AS ZARA.

2. MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS THE FLYING-MAN WHO SAVES THE SITUATION FOR PRINCE CAROL.

5. MISS YVONNE ARNAUD AS ZARA.

6. THE PRINCESS, LOOKING INTO THE MAGIC POOL, SEES THE FACE OF THE MAN SHE WILL WED: MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS PRINCESS YOLANDE AND MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS PRINCE CAROL.

"Love and Laughter," which marks a return to the traditions of comic opera rather than the continuance of the practices of musical comedy, tells the love-story of Prince Carol of Phantaznia and Princess Yolande of Magoria. Need it be said that the Governments of the two countries arrange a union of the rulers, that

—IN PHANTAZNIA AND MAGORIA—AT THE LYRIC.



3. MR. TOM A. SHALE AS BALBUS, PRINCE CONSORT (FORMERLY A LABOUR MEMBER).

4. THE WEDDING OF PRINCE CAROL OF PHANTAZNIA AND PRINCESS YOLANDE OF MAGORIA: MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS THE PRINCE AND MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS THE PRINCESS, WHO REFUSE A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE—BUT WED AFTER FALLING IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

7. ALFRED HARRIS SHOWS ZARA HIS PATENT MOUSE-TRAP, ONE OF HIS NUMEROUS CURIOUS INVENTIONS: MISS YVONNE ARNAUD AS ZARA AND MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS ALFRED HARRIS.

8. MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS PRINCESS YOLANDE.

Peace may reign in the land; that both chosen bride and bridegroom refuse to be driven into a marriage of convenience; that they meet accidentally—the one seemingly gipsy, the other seemingly a forester; that they fall in love at first sight; and that in the end they wed, and, presumably, are happy ever after?



AFTER TREE THE DELUGE? THE FIRST OF THE SCRIPTURE PLAYS.

The Open Door. After Joseph the Deluge: this phrase is not a reference to Old Testament history (for then it would be wrong), but to a famous French saying which came into my mind when watching "Joseph and His Brethren." Now that the Censor has opened the door to the Scripture drama, we shall have a severe dose, and I have gloomy forebodings of boredom. Of course, I speak as *l'homme moyen sensuel*. Religious people, unaccustomed to the theatre, delighted to get an excuse for going to the playhouse, will, for a time at least, revel in the adaptations of Bible stories; but if Sir Herbert Tree, with his vast experience and resources, aided by Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, could not produce anything more essentially interesting than "Joseph and His Brethren," what are the others going to be like? Of course, "Joseph" in certain aspects was interesting to all of us curious to see what could be done with the Bible story. How disappointing!—up to a certain stage quite charming as spectacle and picture of manners, and then coming to grief exactly where trouble might have been expected! Of course, it is natural to try to turn the story into a stage-play and obtain the normal theatrical effects; and yet, selecting, with the whole range of Bible stories at their command, the one that seemed the most suitable, the result is a combination of pageant quite agreeable, and commonplace melodrama. The author of "Genesis" treats the episode of Potiphar's wife with stern brevity: its only materiality to the story of Joseph is the fact that the little adventure caused him to be thrown into prison, and thereby led to his interpretation of the dreams of the butler and the baker, and thence to his being brought before Pharaoh. So little importance is attached to the episode itself that not only is it told very briefly, but no effort is made to magnify the virtue of Joseph by showing that the temptation which he resisted was very great: perhaps it was not.

resistance by causing him to be in love with Asenath, and introducing a very ordinary kind of Occidental love-interest, supplemented by comic relief connected with a fat suitor. Not much comic relief, it is true, since we are at the beginning of the new Scripture-history play era, and the theatre proceeds gingerly, afraid of shocking its patrons. What will be the future, when this class of work is firmly established as an ordinary kind of entertainment, and the Censor is trying vainly to close the door that he has opened? It is not difficult to guess.

The Performance. In the course of time, despite the struggles of the Censor, we shall have other stories treated by much less respectful hands, and the comic relief will grow, and, of course, the Oriental dances will take a Salome turn, and we shall find the Censor very sorry that he acted upon the fallacious idea that "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte." In the meantime, I may say that much of "Joseph" is picturesque and interesting. The simple story, slightly amplified, of Jacob and his sons, and their quarrels owing to the old patriarch's peculiar matrimonial

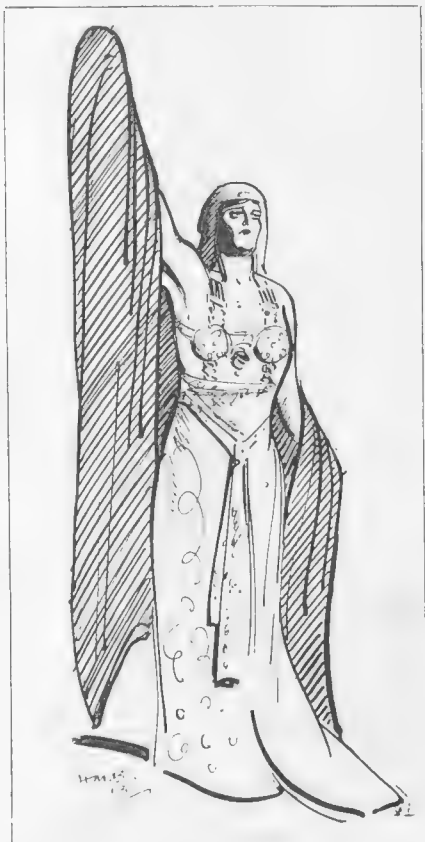
tactics, are quite striking. The pictures often are most impressive. Indeed, when one gets away from the drama the play is dramatic, and one need hardly grumble at the rather bold introduction of Jacob in the last scene, to round off the play. As the unregenerate Man in the Street, I found a great deal that was quite enjoyable, though to the dramatic critic, regarding it as a stage-play, I think the new work of little merit. I have a feeling of prejudice against the Scriptural choruses which introduced each scene, and were intended, no doubt, to put us in a proper frame of mind. Perhaps they did for part of the work; certainly they did not for the business of Mrs. Potiphar's conspiracy against Joseph and the seduction scene, which reminded me of the first act of "Joseph's Sweetheart," and even brought into my irreverent mind the once popular comic song, "Not for Joseph, Not if He Knows It." Most of the acting is excellent. Sir Herbert made a very dignified, picturesque Jacob, but I hardly understood why he should grow older and his ladies remain unchanged—unless, indeed, the miracle of Joshua was performed in their case, and this is not recorded. Asenath was prettily played by Miss Jessie Winter, who can hardly be blamed for giving a modern air to it. Miss Maxine Elliott is rather too violently melodramatic: and was it quite fair to suggest that Mrs. P. was a lady with a past, and several of them? Mr. George Relph, who was charming in "The Yellow Jacket," made quite a hit as Joseph. Three at least of his brothers were played admirably: Simeon, the villain of the play, by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury; Reuben by Mr. Philip Merivale; and Judah by Mr. Hubert Carter; whilst the Pharaoh was rendered excellently by Mr. Henry Vibart. It is, however, the scenery rather than the play or players that will draw, for some of the pictures are of quite extraordinary charm.



MR. H. A. SAINTSBURY AS SIMEON.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MR. GEORGE RELPH AS JOSEPH.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



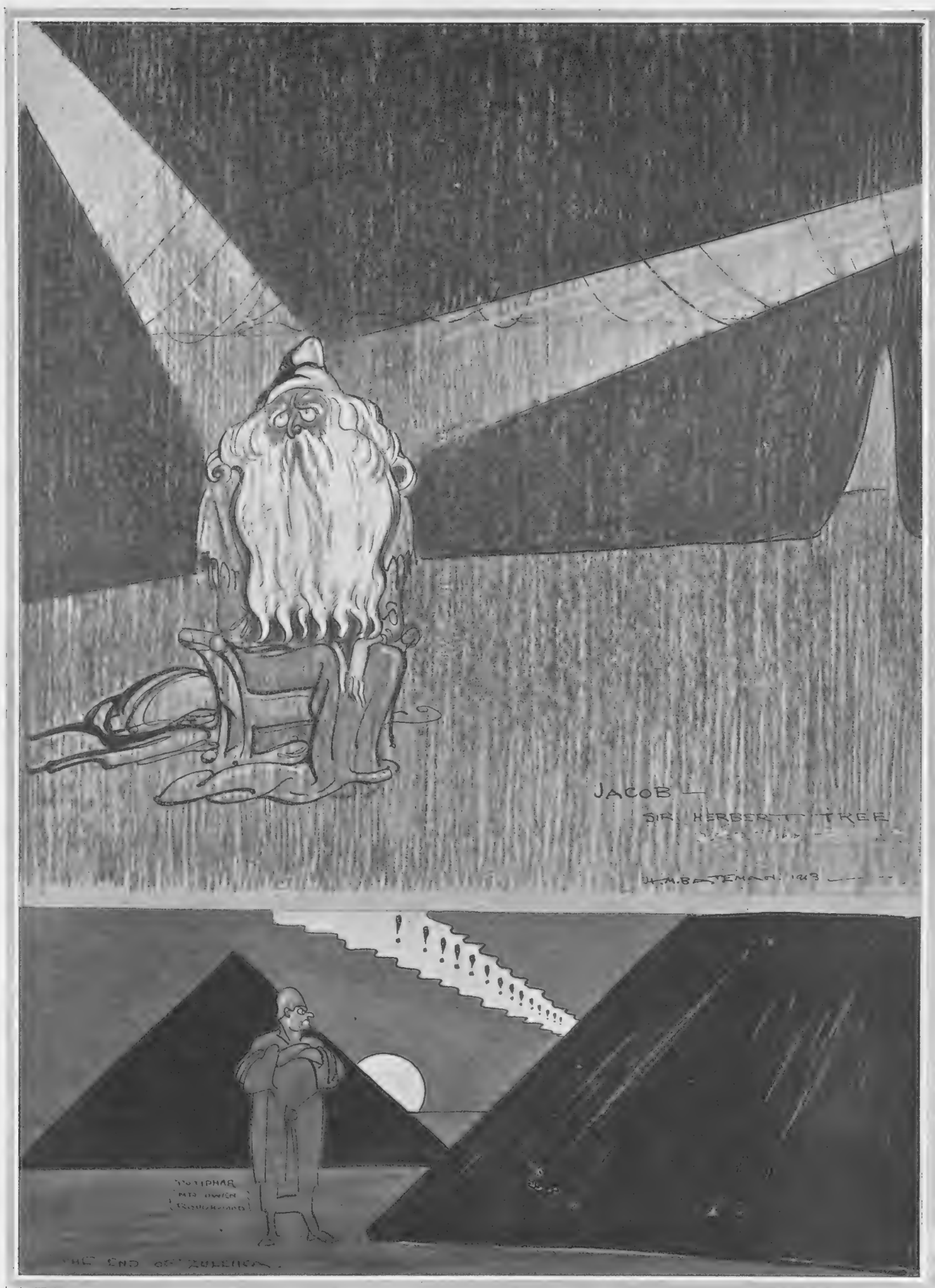
MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT AS ZULEIKA,
POTIPHAR'S WIFE.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

The Play-Maker at Work. The English playwright sees matters very differently from the Hebrew historian; he wants to produce a piece after the popular modern formula, and so, naturally, he jumps at this episode of Joseph, the subject for centuries of idle jest by the frivolous, and develops it disproportionately, with the result of giving a great part of his play the air of being just the sort of thing to which we are accustomed; and he tries to embellish the character of his hero by causing the temptation in one aspect to be great. Nevertheless, at the same time, with some lack of humour, he diminishes the merit of Joseph's



MR. GEORGE RELPH AS JOSEPH—
IN EGYPT.
CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHERN."



JACOB—AND LIMELIGHT; POTIPHAR; AND THE END OF ZULEIKA'S FASCINATIONS—!!!!

"Joseph and His Brethren," we need hardly remind our readers, is running at His Majesty's. The lower drawing illustrates the scene in which Zuleika's eyes are put out.

CARICATURED BY H. M. BATEMAN.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.

ONLY one thing of importance has befallen in Mayfair during the month—the birth of a boy at Chesterfield House. That the Duke and Duchess have been kept waiting ten years for the event made it all the more exciting. In any establishment the coming of the son and heir is held to be the occasion of some little commotion. Chesterfield House was, so to speak, in a commotion—a stilled commotion—of rejoicing. Within, no sounds were heard but the suppressed whispers of the household, and, at intervals, the cheerful wailing of the infant; but without, a stream of inquirers showed that London, even in the dead season, can be wonderfully alive to a matter of really living interest. And from America—which had the news as early, by the clock, as London—cables of congratulation arrived in return, particularly from Newport, almost as soon as the great sheaf of telegrams from the North of England.

The Roxburghe Binding.

While the infant is the heir to all sorts of things—a dukedom, an earldom, a castle, a park, and probably a rocking-horse—it is for the moment the personal and present aspect of the event, rather than the promise of the future, that is uppermost. An infant, conventionally speaking, consolidates and confirms the matrimonial vow; it is the infant who makes an old saying that "Two's company and three's none" utterly ridiculous. This third person in the Roxburghe family is the link—the latest and best example of a Roxburghe binding.

The Bookman.

The Duke who gave his name to the bindings was the third of the creation—"that curious and unwearied reader of romance," Sir Walter Scott called him, but did so without casting the slur that might attach to the phrase in this day of novels and circulating libraries. The romances he read were those of the Round Table, and bore Caxton's mark instead of Mudie's. For his rival in collecting he had a King—George III.—but rarely, if ever, allowed himself to be beaten in their contests for rare books at auction. And yet it was estimated that his whole library cost him not much more than £5000. Alas! it does not figure among the future possessions of the Chesterfield House baby, for it was sold for £23,341 exactly a hundred years ago. At the lowest estimate, it would fetch five times that sum if it were offered to the present generation of buyers at Sotheby's.

The Small Boy and His Big Lineage.

Even the enterprising genealogist who discovered that Mr. Rockefeller was descended from the Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV., and expected to be paid accordingly, would probably be baffled by some of the ramifications of the Innes-Ker pedigree. It is knotty, fit for much discourse. In 1809 it took Lord Chancellor Eldon, after listening to weeks of pleading, three entire days to state in the House of Lords why he preferred the claims of Sir James Innes to those of any other claimant to the dukedom. But even then he seems to have been too precipitate, for it took the Lords another

three years finally to deliver judgment. In any case, it may now be said that the future of the dukedom is quite as interesting as its past. It is, perhaps, worthy of note in this regard that its future was in any case destined to spring partly from America.

If no son had been born to the Duke and Duchess, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker would have succeeded to the title. He, too, decided that his son and heir should have an American mother.



THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

Henry John Innes-Ker, the eighth Duke of Roxburghe, was born on July 25, 1876. He served in South Africa; was A.D.C. to the present King during the Colonial tour of 1901; bore the Queen Consort's Crown at the Coronation of King Edward VII.; and bore St. Edward's Staff at the Coronation of King George V.

Photograph by Mayall.



THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE.

The Duchess of Roxburghe, who presented the Duke with a son and heir the other day, was married in 1903. At that time she was known as Miss May Goelet, and she is the daughter of the late Mr. Ogden Goelet, of Newport, U.S.A.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

The Future.

The Duke himself is a man of promise. His record in South Africa and as a courtier is wholly creditable; but bigger things are expected of him than would necessarily follow his achievement up to date. He is suspected of something more than the good-fellowship that made him a most successful companion to the King and Queen during their Colonial tour; but while he expends his energy on beguiling record salmon in Norwegian waters, or on the accomplishment of many other feats of sportsmanship, it is difficult to say in what branch of life he will ultimately distinguish himself. The Duchess, too, is famous after the same fashion as her husband. Her ambitions (and she is known to possess a full share) have been satisfied, hitherto, by successes in the sphere of entertainment at Floors, which was thoroughly modernised a few years ago in view of an expected visit from their Majesties, by the raising of record orchids, and by sharing with the Duke the unfathomable joys of wading in deep waters in quest of salmon.

The Duchess.

Before her marriage her Grace was well known as Miss May Goelet—the best type of American girl, simple, well informed, sympathetic, hardy. She lived a great deal on the sea, and is as familiar with the Adriatic as she is with the Solent. With her mother she entertained royalty on her unparalleled yacht and at Wimborne House before she was able to receive, under her new title, at Floors and Chesterfield House. At the last-named she rejoices in "the finest room in London"; at Floors she has terraces and walks that are unequalled. And certain it is that she suits these spacious dwellings no less than they suit her.

Family Humour. Every family has its own sense—or nonsense—of humour, and it was inevitable that the future Duchess was familiar in the nursery with the formula "May Goelet let go!" The jokes about Floors—the Floors a ghost treads—can be imagined. "This Floored you," said a young American guest to the Duchess—an American guest who had been expressing the general masculine grievance that the girls of his people should give themselves to aliens. But the joke is not all retrospective—it looks laughingly ahead. "May Rox the cradle that rocks the world." Outside the intimate circle people have jested with the pronunciation of the Duchess's

maiden name. Even the rhymester has been busy—

I say You bet
Goelet Goelet.

AFTER BRAEMAR, OBAN: THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING.



1. THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S HEIR AND ONE OF THE STEWARDS: MR. NIALL DIARMAID CAMPBELL (X) AND SIR FITZROY DONALD MACLEAN, BT., OF MORVAREN.
3. A WELL-KNOWN SHIP-OWNER AND LORD-LIEUTENANT OF DUMBARTONSHIRE: LORD INVERCLYDE AT THE ARGYLLSHIRE GATHERING.

The Argyllshire Gathering, a big event of the Scottish season, began at Oban on Sept. 9. It was first held at Inveraray in 1871, in honour of the wedding of the Duke of Argyll (then Marquess of Lorne) and Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. The Duke has since been accustomed to attend the gathering every year, whenever possible, and this time he travelled over from France on purpose to be present. The Duke and

2. COME SPECIALLY FROM FRANCE TO ATTEND THE GATHERING: THE DUKE OF ARGYLL (X), WITH SIR FITZROY DONALD MACLEAN.
4. STANDARD-BEARER OF HIS MAJESTY'S BODYGUARD OF GENTLEMEN-AT-ARMS: COLONEL SIR AUBONE FIFE.

Duchess of Argyll having no family, his heir is now Mr. Niall Diarmaid Campbell, only son of the Duke's late brother, Lord Archibald Campbell, who was the heir until his death a few months ago. After the first day's games of the Argyllshire Gathering the Duke presided at a Gaelic concert, and the following evening was fixed for the first ball of the Gathering.—[Photographs by Topical.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE miraculous St. Leger would have been a race entirely after Edward the Seventh's heart as far as Mr. Hall Walker's triumph was concerned. Some of the King's own racing successes afforded pleasant evidence of the good comradeship that existed between his Majesty and his friend. Minoru, the royal winner of a Derby, was leased to King Edward from Mr. Hall Walker's stables; and there always existed between the two the best sort of camaraderie in the affairs of the Turf and in private intercourse. Mr. Hall Walker, who has himself ridden a horse to victory, takes his recreations, not sadly, but seriously. In "Who's Who" he establishes a record with a biography that is mainly given up to the affairs that other men relegate to a single line. But even "Who's Who" does insufficient justice to the sporting associations of the name. None of Mrs. Hall Walker's triumphs, whether at the motor-wheel, on the rink, in yachting, deer-stalking, or dog-breeding, are enumerated in the vast dictionary of the living. "Biographies for Women" must be the war-cry of the next campaign.

The Donkey Races.

Lord Halifax, a pillar of the Church, is once a year found near the winning-post. He takes no grand stand against racing, but his connection with sport is obviously by sociableness rather than inclination. Hickleton lies too close to Doncaster to be oblivious to the advantages of its situation, and the house-party for the races is an established thing. Lord Halifax himself has often kept his guests company in the enclosure, and maintained every appearance of being interested in the proceedings. But when, after a day's outing, he turned to a lady with the query, "I hope you like our donkey races?" it is thought that his thoughts were very far from Doncaster.

"High Halifax."

Lord Halifax, despite his absorbing concern for all matters of Church ritual, has many ties with the people he meets at Doncaster. He spent much time with Edward VII. in boyhood; and he is the best of friends with quite a number of persons for whom Sunday occurs about once a fortnight, or even rather less frequently. His son is married to an

in taking an interest in flying. "You're so High already, you cannot want to soar!" protested a friend who found him at the first aviation meeting held in this country.

Voyages of Discovery—to Bed.

The vastnesses of Wentworth Wodehouse have again been explored by a house-party. Lord and Lady FitzWilliam entertain with all possible largesse, but, however numerous their guests, the house is never filled. Their favourite story of Baron von Liebig, who, when staying there many years ago, was so alarmed by its corridors that he provided himself with a box of wafers before going to bed, and, dropping them one by one, made a trail for himself by which he could retrace his steps in the morning, has many fabulous counterparts. But quite sensible is the precaution taken by the thoughtful guest of keeping a supply of head-gear at each exit. "Wait a minute while I fetch my hat," covers the situation in other mansions; but at Wentworth Wodehouse it may mean a run of nearly an eighth of a mile, or, if the way is missed, of a quarter.

At Langwell.

The Duke and Duchess of Portland are moving across the map of Great Britain, not as the guests, but as the hosts of their friends. Welbeck, of course, is the headquarters of their entertaining, but with "branch establishments" in Caithness-shire and Ayrshire they are able to shift their hospitalities with the season. Their last house-party was at Langwell, where Lady Victoria Cavendish Bentinck and Lord Titchfield were both with them, and, among their guests,

Admiral Seymour and Major Carr—or "80-h.p.," as he is inevitably called whenever he shows the slightest inclination to do things in a hurry.

The Need of a Lady Haldane.

Lord Haldane no sooner set foot on English soil than he took it off again. On his arrival from Canada he was in a desperate hurry to go North, as if the homing instinct were at work in him. But that he first saw the light in Edinburgh, and was educated there, does not, to his legal way of thinking, prove that he is still a Scotsman. "I see no way of deciding the conundrum as to my domicile," he once said. "That is easily done," answered Lord Dundin. "Marry and leave your wife unprovided for; then the Courts will settle it." It is said, however, that Lord Haldane has returned from America as heart-free as he went, so that he is no nearer a solution.



ENGAGED TO MR. HAROLD CHARLES BEAUCHAMP:
MISS OLIVE DUKE.

Miss Duke is the third daughter of Mr. M. S. Duke, M.R.C.S. Mr. Beauchamp, R.I.M., is the son of Commander W. Beauchamp, R.I.M.

Photograph by Sarony.



WITH HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, THE HON.
HELOISE GERARD: LADY GERARD.

Before her marriage, which took place in 1906, Lady Gerard was known as Miss Mary Gosselin. She is the daughter of the late Sir Martin Le Marchant Hadsley Gosselin.

Photograph by Speaight.

Onslow, his daughter to a Lane-Fox; and he himself has a natural inclination for some of the enterprises of the field and air. He was more alert than almost any of the English Peers



WITH HER BABY: LADY CAMOYS (FORMERLY
MISS MILDRED SHERMAN, OF NEW YORK).

Before her marriage to the fifth Baron, which took place in 1911, Lady Camoys was known as Miss Mildred Sherman. She is the daughter of the late Mr. William Watts Sherman, of New York. (Photograph by Weston and Son, Sloane Street.)

WEDDING BELLS IN SOCIETY: BRIDES TO BE AND IN BEING.



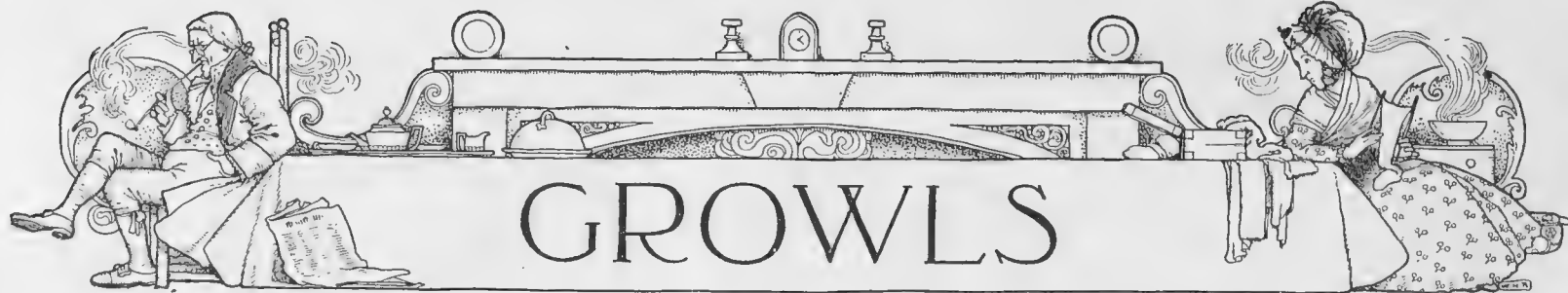
1. MISS LILIAN DEAN, who is ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN WILFRID B. SPENDER.
2. MRS. ERIC OSBORN ALABASTER, whose WEDDING TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.
3. MISS LENA DE RUTZEN, who is ENGAGED TO SIR FRANK NEWNES, BT.
4. MISS ALIX BINGEL, who is ENGAGED TO MAJOR ROLAND OSTERTAG, OF THE PRUSSIAN GENERAL STAFF, FORMERLY OF THE GERMAN EMBASSY.
5. MISS AURIOL BROUGHAM, who is ENGAGED TO VISCOUNT IPSWICH.
6. MISS DOROTHY NEPEAN, ENGAGED TO MR. R. W. SMITH, OF MOLO, EAST AFRICA.

Miss Dean is the youngest daughter of Mr. Rosser Dean. Captain Spender, R.A., is the son of Mrs. Edward Spender.—Mrs. Eric Alabaster is a daughter of Mrs. Darling, of Rotherfield, Sussex. Mr. Alabaster, R.E., is a son of the late Sir Chaloner Alabaster, Consul-General in China.—Miss de Rutzen is the eldest daughter of Sir Albert de Rutzen, late Chief Metropolitan Magistrate.—Miss Bingel is a daughter of Mr. C. A. Bingel.—Miss Brougham is the only child of Major and Mrs. Brougham.—Miss Nepean is a daughter of the late Sir Evan C. Nepean.

7. MISS MARION PORTEOUS, who is TO MARRY THE REV. HAROLD E. BUCKE ON THE 27TH.
8. MISS N. M. DAY, who is ENGAGED TO MR. ROBERT W. ASCROFT.
9. THE HON. ANNA LOFTUS, who is TO MARRY MR. LESLIE CRAVEN.
10. MISS ALICE BEATRICE MOORE, who is ENGAGED TO THE HON. HUMPHREY JAMES ARDEN ADDERLEY.
11. COUNTESS SONDES (FORMERLY MRS. JAMES MEAKIN), MARRIED LAST WEEK.

Miss Marion Porteous is the elder daughter of Colonel J. E. Porteous, late commander in Trichinopoly. The Rev. Harold E. Bucke is the Vicar of Mettingham, Suffolk.—Miss Day is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Day, of East Molesey. Mr. Ascroft is a son of the late Mr. R. Ascroft, M.P.—Miss Loftus is the only daughter of Lord George Loftus. Mr. Craven is a son of Mr. Thomas Craven, of Kirklington Hall, Notts.—Miss Moore is a daughter of the late Mr. R. H. Moore, of Dublin. Mr. Adderley is a son of Lord and Lady Norton.

Photographs by Swaine, Thomson, P.P.A., Sarony, Langfjer, and Lafayette.



THE ALOOFNESS OF LONDON: THE TRIPPER CAUGHT TRIPPING.

NOW that the holiday season is drawing to a close, and the usual inhabitants of London are hastening back—I believe that to be the technical expression—to their regular place of abode, it appears to me that the time has arrived to speak out upon a question which has occasioned me considerable vexation of spirit. In the course of sundry walks which I have taken through the streets of the Metropolis during the past few weeks, I have been brought face to face with a condition of things which has sent the blush of shame on its tingling course over my cheeks. Along each thoroughfare which I traversed I observed crowds of wandering and wondering foreigners, with little red books in their hands, vainly trying to make themselves acquainted with the glories of a city which took no heed of them, and apparently took no interest either. The frigid indifference with which we greet the advent of this cosmopolitan host seems to me to cast discredit upon our hospitality. We know perfectly well beforehand that at this season of the year these good people will flock to us from the furthest quarters of the globe, from our great Dominions over the seas, and from the remotest shores of distant and friendly countries, and how do we prepare to receive them? Do we take such steps as lie in our power to prove to them the pleasure their pilgrimage affords us, and do we take precautions to provide them with facilities for seeing to their satisfaction those wonderments the fame of which has been wafted to the uttermost parts of the earth? To our shame it must be confessed that we do none of these things, and I hold myself entitled to say that the carelessness and callousness of our demeanour are enough to make the outside world decide to withhold its patronage from us altogether in the future.

Our Attitude. In the first place, no sooner do these distinguished visitors begin to arrive than London starts to pack up its trunks and to depart, leaving the Metropolis in the hands of a select few who receive strict instructions to make the city as unlovable and unlivable-in as they can. They are ordered to pick up the main thoroughfares and to divert the traffic into mean streets, to deface the principal public buildings with scaffolding, and to close altogether or in part the majority of places of artistic or historic interest. All public bodies adjourn, and the members flee to the wilds; most of the theatres close their doors with an angry slam; and even churches seize the opportunity to make alterations and repairs. Mayfair migrates to Marienbad, and Bayswater bolts to Broadstairs; and the misguided foreigner sees little but the abomination of desolation. The weather, as a rule, makes a point of presenting the merest travesty of summer, and a couple of well-meaning exhibitions suggest

little beyond pneumonia to the mind of mortal man. This is bad manners—nay, worse, it is bad advertisement. I can imagine the impression left on the mind of the hopeful Lithuanian who has been taught to believe that in coming to London he was to visit the finest and best-equipped city in the world, and who finds it half shut up and almost entirely populated by road-menders and by foreigners like himself. Even the comforting constable seems to be

present in scantier numbers, and should the stranger need directing on his way he will have to rely upon information supplied by other travellers who know as little as himself. He draws his fur coat more closely about him, and drifts aimlessly through the streets, seeking in vain for admission to what he pines to see, and looking in vain for the faces of the celebrities of whom he has heard and expected so much. Only the hotel-proprietors give any indication of solicitude on his behalf, and it is to be feared that not even they will go so far in the direction of emphasising that solicitude as to make any appreciable reduction in their scale of charges.



ON A TRAMP ROUND THE WORLD FOR £2000: AN AMERICAN LADY ON HER JOURNEYINGS.

The lady shown wins a bet of £2000 if she walks round the world in less than four years. When she arrived in Berlin she had been journeying for just over two years. She will continue her great walk by way of Hanover, Amsterdam, Brussels, Paris, and Madrid.—[Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.]

less unbearable and unbeautiful. We might, for example, do well to spread our spring-cleaning over a longer period of time, and execute at least a portion of our road-revision at other seasons of the year. We might detail some of our Society leaders to take it

A Suggestion for the Better.

I am strongly of opinion that before the next recurrence of what, from force of habit, we continue to call summer, some definite steps should be taken to render the lot of the enterprising stranger turns to promenade the Row for the spiritual exaltation of the Transatlantic sightseer, and tell off a few legislators to stay in town and give the Continental student of affairs some inkling of the stateliness and decorum of the proceedings of the Mother of Parliaments. We might also, even though we had to provide a subsidy, prevail upon some of our more prominent histrions to afford the visitor the spectacle of some of the higher flights of the British Drama, and induce one or two of our leading novelists and publicists—whatever a publicist may be—to stroll down the main street at stated and advertised times. It would be impossible to ensure the stranger within our gates a glimpse of everything



IN COQUETTISH BUT USEFUL UNIFORM: MESSENGER-GIRLS OF BERLIN.

Photograph by Hohlwein.

that has made London one of the wonders of the world. For instance, I would not advocate an alteration in the date of the Lord Mayor's Show. But I do maintain that, by some such simple and inexpensive devices as I have suggested, we might do much to ameliorate the fate of the tripper, and send him on his homeward way unembittered by the thought that our hearts are as chill as the blasts that beat about our shores.—MOSTYN T. PIGOTT.

A SMALL MA AND A CAPACIOUS MAW.



THE VISITOR (to young Cuckoo's foster-father) : Hullo, Fly-Catcher, old man,
you don't look very chirpy. How's the wife?

FLY-CATCHER : Lost her. She was feeding baby, slipped, and fell in.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



ADEN OR EDEN—THE RESTLESS, RESTLESS ROAMER.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

DO you know, amiable readers, what you have done for me, with your letters and photographs and curiosities from afar?

You have made me discontented with my nearest neighbours, my smooth garden, the much-treaded towing-path, and the civilised river—all of which I know so well as not to enjoy them to their full worth. Familiarity does not, as the proverb would have it, breed contempt—it engenders monotony, which is much worse. When a man has ceased to thrill when his wife at the breakfast-table kisses him under the left ear, it does not mean that he feels contempt for her or her kisses; it means she has done it too often. Edge, it is *edge*, not height, nor quality, nor quantity, nor duration, that makes our sensations, emotions, pleasures, and sorrows enjoyable. Use is fatal to edge: who knows it better than you, amiable readers (men. section), who use a different razor every day?

All this because the post has just brought me a lovely letter written on a smooth, thin, reddish tissue which my correspondent informs me is the bark from a Canadian tree. So this comes from the backwoods, from a forest like a cathedral. I would love to go to the wild woods and watch the tempestuous streams with their cargoes of floating logs. But it will soon be winter in Canada, and I, who adore the sun even as the Incas did, mean to pursue and seek it, as the alchemists of old searched for the Philosopher's Stone. The sun, which makes every common thing precious, or, as Rostand says in this exquisite line—one of the multitude of such in "Chantecler"—

Soleil, toi sans qui les choses
Ne seraient que ce qu'elles sont,

Sun, without which all things would be merely what they are!

What about Aden? Where is it? Is it a blessed sun-patch? There is a song telling, I believe, of the "barren rocks of Aden."

Then that other correspondent, who sends me the following tempting description, does not agree with the poet: "For your

'Five to Seven' delectation, on the day you read this, come with me, in a fifteen-foot gig pulled by eight Somali boys, out over the harbour of Aden to interview the captain of a tramp steamer *re* coal. Picture the sky of deep-blue velvet lit up by more stars than it is possible to see elsewhere—the sea lazily heaving and flashing back the reflection of the stars and the two or three lights that still remain lit on shore. Look at the horizon—to the north the black spires and spikes of 'Little Aden' rise abruptly and majestically from the

flat of the desert, their black silhouettes reminding one of nothing so much as the torn edges of a ship's side after a collision; to the south the high peak of Shum-Shum frowns over us and quite eclipses the lesser heights of Aden proper. We realise as we look what very insignificant atoms of humanity we are, and the realisation humbles us." (Not a bit of it, amiable reader! If the photographs of yourself which you so kindly enclose reckon rightly, you are at least six feet, and I am five feet six inches!) "As we get further away from the shore, the noises from the native town gradually cease to reach us, and finally we are wrapped in an immense silence, only broken by the rhythmic beat of the oars. On reaching the ship, we go on board and see the Captain, who, possibly, commiserates us on the 'monopolous' life of such a place as Aden! Having got his papers and his order for coal, we again take to the gig, and are soothed on our return journey by the *sotto voce* singing of the Somali boys crooning some boating-song of their own, every line of which ends with a long, soft 'Oh—h,' and receive quite a different impression of our surroundings—thanks to the moon, which is just rising over the isthmus and which turns the hitherto black rocks to a beautiful, ghost-

like, ethereal pinky-grey, stabbed by chasms of densest black, making altogether a scene of unsurpassable grandeur, and one which one is sorry to leave by returning on shore."

I do feel I must pack!



WITH FACE TWICE GUARDED: A LADY WEARING A DOUBLE VEIL.

Here is the latest form of veil. With regard to what is being called the yashmak veil, it may be noted that those worn by the two Newport ladies shown in our issue of August 13 were donned to protect the lower part of the face from the sun, the hat being left to shield the upper part of the face. The veils in question were only used while the ladies were playing lawn-tennis, and so on.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



SHOWING "THE FASHION OF THE FUTURE" IN ALMOST AS SIMPLE A FORM AS THAT EXHIBITED BY THE MUFF-GIRL IN "J'ADORE ÇA": "PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE" DRESSES IN A RECENT BABY PARADE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Photograph by Paul Thomson.



A WINNER AND HER "GRAND PRIZE" (TO WHICH A BOX OF CANDY WAS ADDED) IN A RECENT BABY PARADE IN THE UNITED STATES: "OUR FIRST VALENTINE," THE MOST POPULAR OF THE "CARS."

Photograph by Paul Thomson.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.



WELL-MEANING OLD GENTLEMAN: I happen to know there are no fish in that pond, Sir.

PISCATORIAL ENTHUSIAST (*resentfully*): Why did you tell me that? Now all my pleasure in angling is gone.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



A NOVEL ON THE GREY LIST: OUR LOUNGER IN "THE DEVIL'S GARDEN." *

Man's Mind—the Devil's Playground.

This fearless story has been huddled by the libraries into that dim corner known as the Grey List. It will not lie alluringly for sale upon the counters; it must not be in evidence at all; some copies may be kept in the background only, with which to satisfy those exigent people who come, saying, "I want Mr. Maxwell's new book called 'The Devil's Garden.'" The Lounger has already walked there and returned safely, with morals as before.

The Garden.

The mind of William Dale is the Garden of the title, and he was a country postmaster, a conscious, self-made man, resented by his neighbours, out of touch with all the world but his pretty wife—unlovable, perhaps, outside his fine courage; but "the good lying in me," as he truly said, "it only wanted drawing out." He was apt to read the letter of his official instructions in an arrogant spirit. He had indulged himself in this habit up to an assault upon a customer. After a characteristic defence at headquarters, his small kingdom was crumbling in ruins, when the squire of his district, who had ever made something of a protégée of Dale's wife, appeared benignantly upon the scene. The suavity of the Squire's manner with the great officials in the London office turned the scales. It was heaven-sent advocacy, and Dale was in an ecstasy of safety and gratitude.

The Devil.

And yet—and yet, within an hour or two, his hands on his wife's throat—"You've played me false," he cried. "You've sold yourself to that fornicating old devil!" (meaning the Squire). For, by way of celebration, Dale had taken his pretty Mavis to a music-hall: one unaccustomed drink had shaken her control, and one unguarded phrase had started

whole sickening story of her relations with Mr. Barradine. "He had debauched her innocence when she was quite a young girl; she had continued to be one of his many mistresses for several years; then he grew tired of her. . . . She had never liked him, always feared him . . . and it was martyrdom to return to him. 'Only to save you, Will. And he wouldn't help unless I done it.'" She took a brutal thrashing with infinite courage, yet meekly and fondly like a dog. She returned home by his command; and he, with London stretched about him, and beyond that the vast round globe, and beyond that again the universe, felt that, big as it all was, it was not big enough to hold one other man and himself.

The Devil Destroying. A day or two later

the village rang with the news that Mr. Barradine had been thrown from his horse, dragged, and killed. "Mavis,

listening, for a few moments felt gladness, nothing but gladness. He had gone out of their lives for ever. Mr. Barradine was." Next day her husband returned. She was still his wife when people were looking, but behind drawn blinds they were estranged. Mr. Barradine had left Mavis £2000. Her affectionate joy overflowed when Dale invested this for her in a farm, left the P.O. and established himself with her there in a full reconciliation. As she fluttered excitedly over the threshold of her new home, Dale surprised her by dropping on his knees and praying aloud: "O Merciful Powers, give me grace and strength to lead a healthy, fearless life in this house."

The Devil Uprooting.

Seldom has the murderer been more poignantly analysed. Dale's challenge to God of "Take or leave me" made no danger too big for him to face; his courage became a byword. Yet, for a shattering time, fear leaped in transient panics by day or lay down with him in dreams by night. Tranquillity came with his baptism in the chapel: years of tranquillity, respite from pain, his golden time. "He was prosperous, respected; he had a loved and loving wife, and lovely, lovable children; he had grain in his barns, money in his bank, peace in his mind." His nature grew, mellowed, and sweetened to the happiness of it. "And then there had happened something that was like the knocking down of a house of cards." Innocent youth and beauty held out arms of love to him already growing old, the undeveloped arms of a girl. He felt irresistibly compelled towards them, and yet, if there could be any excuse for it, why had he killed Everard Barradine? "Come and keep me company," he heard the dead man cry. "Our old quarrel is over. You and I understand each other now. We are two of a kind, just as like as two hogs from one litter—you the sanctimonious psalm-singer, and I the conscienceless profligate: we are brothers at last in our beastliness."

The Devil Routed. But if brothers—only as Esau and Jacob were, for Dale prepared to execute himself as he had executed Barradine. An unimagined happy issue ends the tragedy on a note of victory and peace. It is a tragedy of evil, but too noble and sincere to be unpleasant. Many exigent people will surely demand it from their booksellers; they will find carefully selected detail full of profound and significant beauty, but nothing worse than is contained in this bare outline.



A MEMORIAL LOOKING AS THOUGH IT WERE MADE OF BRICKS: A CURIOUSLY INTERESTING DESIGN FOR THE MONUMENT TO GERHARD ROHLFS, THE FIRST GERMAN AFRICAN EXPLORER.



A PRINTER'S IMPOSING-STONE AS A TOMBSTONE: A REMARKABLE MEMORIAL TO THE LATE J. A. HOWELLS.

The late Joseph Alexander Howells, a brother of W. D. Howells, was Editor of the famous old "Ashtabula Sentinel" for over half-a-century. One of the memorial-stones set up at his grave (that shown in the foreground) consists of the old imposing-stone upon which, acting both as Editor and Printer, he helped for many years to impose the type for the "Sentinel" before it went to press. The inscription was written by W. D. Howells, who himself used this stone when employed in his father's printing-office. The stone was placed where it is by the express wish of the dead man.

the explosion. "Will—as God sees me—I did it for your sake—only to help you. I couldn't get the help unless. I sacrificed myself to save you." With his hand still on her throat, she told him the

* "The Devil's Garden." By W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson and Co.; 6s.)

THE KITCHENER TOUCH.



JOAN (*domestic strategist*): I've engaged two cooks this afternoon.

DARBY: Two?

JOAN: Yes. The first is coming to-morrow, and the other in a fortnight's time.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



THE PINK SASH: A TALE OF TANGIER.

By LOUISE HEILGERS.

"THERE, Hassan!" In the excitement of the moment I clutched at my guide's arm. "Don't you see her now, standing in the doorway of that shop, just opposite to us?"

Hassan blinked magnificent eyes lazily in the direction I indicated, and shook his head firmly.

"I see nothing, Madame," he answered, "but the sun shining through an empty doorway on to fat old Ben-Hadj."

"But surely," I protested, still staring at the slender brown woman who, clad in a hazy maze of pink stuff—free, for a wonder, of the disfiguring, shapeless white *haik* all Arab women wear—stood, red-tinted hands folded gracefully before her, watching with kohl-laden eyes the stream of yellow-slippered humanity and heavily burdened mules pour along the narrow street, "but surely, Hassan, you must see her. Why, you are looking straight at her now."

"No, Madame"—Hassan's voice was coldly calm—"I am looking straight at old Ben-Hadj—there is no one else to look at." He brushed a speck of dust from the bright blue of his gold-embroidered sleeve.

"Nonsense!" I began sharply, then abruptly stopped, for on a sudden the pink lady vanished as a man walked straight through the narrow entrance—an entrance so narrow that only one person could stand in it at a time—into the dim little shop full of rainbow-coloured stuffs where old Ben-Hadj, a mass of quivering rolls of fat, sat all day and read the Koran.

"You see, Madame!" Hassan spread delicate hands abroad. His shrug was full of pity for the foolishness of the Western woman.

I dodged through a thin grey line of thin grey donkeys being ridden and unmercifully beaten by thin brown boys, and, reaching the other side of the hot street, peered curiously into the dark little shop.

No woman was there; only Ben-Hadj sat cross-legged upon his cushions and listened stolidly to the bad French of a tourist in tweeds. But hanging from a nail, quite close to the shop's entrance, was a limp length of some rosy fabric heavily embroidered with tarnished silver.

"All English people are obstinate"—Hassan, at my elbow, spoke suavely. "Did I not tell Madame only yesterday that no Arab would allow a woman of his race to stand unveiled upon his doorstep? We are not pigs of Jews, Madame, or even—" He paused tactfully to roll a cigarette, but I knew his unuttered word was "Christians."

"Well, it's very strange!" I was threading my way slowly up the narrow main street, all stained with orange sunshine, which leads from Tangier Harbour to the big *sokko*, or market, at the end of the town. "This is the third time I've seen her."

"The third time Madame imagines she has seen her," Hassan corrected.

I pretended not to hear. It was useless to argue with Hassan, and I had already made so many vain attempts to dismiss him that I had given up the hopeless task. One might as well have prayed for rain to pour out of the speedwell sky as for Hassan to go.

I was standing on the balcony of my room after lunch, looking out on to the market-place below, idly watching some white-bearded, patriarchal Arabs dispute like Boulogne fish-wives over the selling of some woolly, postcardy-looking sheep, when suddenly I saw Hassan's fez bob up like a red tulip just beneath me.

"Madame," he called softly, "will Madame be pleased to come down into the town now?"

"Certainly not," I objected, "in this heat."

"There is a cool breeze from the sea blowing through the town," Hassan made answer sweetly. "And it is to the beach we go, Madame, where somebody waits for us at the Café de Paris."

"Who?" I not unnaturally asked. "Is the Gibraltar boat in, then?"

But Hassan shook his head.

"It is no one from Gibraltar," he said mysteriously, "although the boat is in and many ladies were sick," he added irrelevantly. "It concerns Madame's pink lady," he wound up.

"Then there is one, after all!" I exclaimed triumphantly.

Hassan made of his brown face an impassive secret. "There was one," he amended.

It ended, of course, in my going with Hassan to the Café de Paris. As we passed through the town, I glanced at the shop of Ben-Hadj. But it was empty save for Ben-Hadj and the silence and a slight scent of musk.

The little white-and-blue Café de Paris, standing like a doll's house upon the beach, was empty too, save for a splendidly handsome man in the gorgeous uniform of a Spahi officer who sat and drank coffee at a little table.

He looked up listlessly at our entrance, then back again at the paper he held.

"I see no one waiting for us," I observed, looking round.

Hassan, by a gesture, indicated the Spahi.

"He does not know he waits, but he waits all the same," he said darkly. "Listen, Madame." He drew his chair closer to mine. "Since I left Madame this morning news has come to me." He broke off to order coffee and to beckon to a shoe-boy to brush the dust from my brown foot-gear—Hassan was always very munificent with my money. "Ben-Hadj, about a year ago, owned a beautiful wife—beautiful as a *houri* of Paradise, I have heard, with the tender eyes of a gazelle. The heart of Ben-Hadj, clothed though it is in fat, went out to her as a ship goes out to the sea. He loved her above all his other wives, and all their jewels went to her adorning. But she, the gazelle-eyed one, cared nothing for Ben-Hadj. Madame"—Hassan pointed a finger dramatically at the Spahi in the corner, still reading his newspaper—"there sits the man she loved."

He looked a lover any woman might have been proud of, sitting there, tall and golden-skinned, lithe as a panther, the nails of his hands tinted like a girl's, a little silky black beard adorning his chin. They are handsome men, these Arabs.

"I am told, Madame, that for two moons their love flourished like the mimosa upon the road to Fez. Then the bird of knowledge dropped a seed in old Ben-Hadj's mind"—Hassan spread abroad immaculately kept hands—"that is why Sidi Abdullah sits here, sad as a hungry man at Ramadan, and reads a week-old newspaper."

"But Ben-Hadj's wife—what became of her?"

Hassan shrugged his shoulders. "She may be in Paradise; she may be—elsewhere," he answered cautiously. "There is divorce for faithless wives. There is also death. All that I know besides, Madame, is that the pink sash that hangs at the entrance of Ben-Hadj's shop belonged to her."

"How did you find out all this?" I stared at him curiously.

Hassan smiled the large smile of a pleased child. "I have many friends," he answered non-committingly. "But he of the household of Ben-Hadj who told me this could not tell me why it is Ben-Hadj has hung this sash in his doorway."

"Perhaps to remind the lover each time he passes of the love he has lost," I suggested thoughtfully. "Hassan, I should like to buy that sash."

"Impossible, Madame!" The black tassel on Hassan's fez danced vigorously to his negative. "Sidi Abdullah has sent many people to purchase it at Ben-Hadj's own price, but he refuses to sell."

"Still, I want it, Hassan. It is not every day one sees a pink ghost. And I am being reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the pretty lady in Ben-Hadj's doorway must be a ghost. Perhaps she misses her sash," I added.

[Continued overleaf.]

FINE !



REGGIE (*reviewing his financial position*): Mummy, how much have I got in my money-box?

MUMMY (*after counting*): You've got fifty shillings.

REGGIE: I say, that is a lot of money, isn't it? Why, it's ten shillings more than they charge you for spitting on the Underground.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

"There are no ghosts, Madame," Hassan answered uncomfortably. "There are only living people and dead ones. It was the sunshine, Madame, that dazzled your eyes, and the wind dancing in the scarf made you imagine the rest." He stood up abruptly. "Come, let us go," he said. "An idea has come to me. It may perhaps be possible, after all, to obtain that scarf for Madame. But it will be difficult—very difficult," he added cunningly.

I made the obviously needed financial promise, and that very evening Hassan brought the sash round to my hotel.

"How did you manage it?" I asked curiously, as its pink limpness fell on to my knee and a smell of musk crept up like a warm hand to my face.

"It was quite easy, Madame"—Hassan looked modestly on the ground. "I merely suggested to old Ben-Hadj that the scarf hanging there in his doorway was as a rosy hand of Hope waving to a lover as he passed, bidding him have courage. Madame, he sold me the sash at once."

"A rosy hand of Hope waving to a lover." As I listened to Hassan a sudden impulse came to me.

"You are very clever, Hassan," I told him approvingly, "and now I want you to do something else. I want you to get Sidi Abdullah to meet me in the English cemetery to-morrow at three."

"Madame!"—Hassan stared at me aghast.

"Tell him," I went on, unmoved at his disapproval, "that I choose the English cemetery because no one ever goes there, and that I wish him to come because I have something to give him."

That night, long after Hassan had taken his scented and protesting self away, I awoke from sleep to find bright moonlight in my room, and in my room, too, a woman all silver in the moonlight, with armlets upon slender arms that clashed as she moved. She was bending over the sash I had left lying upon a chair, and the small hands were restlessly fingering the silver braid that edged it. At the sudden movement I made she turned her head, and the face that stared at me with the white light of the moon upon it was the same face I had seen framed in the doorway of old Ben-Hadj's shop. But even as I looked she vanished, and I stared instead at a huddled heap of moonlight on the floor.

In the morning I examined the sash more carefully than I had done hitherto, and found that one corner of the silver braid edging it bulged more than the others. A stitch or two undone, and I had the reason. A small, tightly folded piece of paper I discovered.

The writing on it I could not read, for it was in Arabic. But because I was certain the words it held were secret ones, and meant by the woman who had written them to be read only by one person, I did not ask Hassan to decipher them for me. I waited instead for the man the afternoon would bring. It was very peaceful in the little English cemetery drowsing in the sunshine on the hill—full of little curved paths running up and down between flowering trees. Here and there at long intervals a tombstone poked a white face like a huge daisy up among the green. I was looking at a newly dug grave, over which pepper-trees drooped their tassels like pink tears, when suddenly I heard a footstep behind me, and Sidi Abdullah, looking like some big and handsome dragon-fly in his gay uniform, came and stood beside me.

"You wished to see me, Madame?"

He spoke an English perfect as Hassan's own.

"Yes"—I walked away down the syringa-fringed path till we came to a little rustic bench. "I have something here"—I tapped the small paper parcel in my hand—"I think you might care to have."

"Hassan has told me, Madame." His voice was soft as silk being unwound from a reel. "Believe me, I am most grateful."

"Hassan has not told you everything." I undid the parcel. "See, I found this within the silver braid that edges the sash."

I handed him the paper treasure-trove.

Eagerly he grasped it and read it. "I thank you, Madame." The sun winked at me with golden eyes out of the braid of his uniform. "It is a last message from her. In it she fears, my pearl of the desert, that Ben-Hadj is beginning to suspect, and entreats me to believe that only death can keep her from me living, and that, dead, she will wait for me in Paradise. Madame, I know that death must have come to her soon, or else she would have found a means of sending me this."

"The sash is yours." I laid it in his hand, all pink and silver glistening in the sunshine, and the scent of musk leapt into his face like a woman's breath.

When presently he left me and went down one of the paths leading out of the little cemetery, I could have sworn that at the gate a pink mist gathered as he opened it and went with him, a living woman, down the hill. Of one thing I am certain: although, during the rest of my stay in Tangier, in my walks about the town, I often passed the shop of Ben-Hadj, I never saw my pretty pink ghost again.

THE END.



THE SPARTAN PARENT—PROUD, BUT NOT ANXIOUS.

BILL, THE RESCUER: Actually standin' in the middle of the road, 'e was, a-facin' all them motor-buses.
 WILLIAM, THE PROUD FATHER: Lumme! There's pluck!

DRAWN BY B. E. MINNS.



ON THE LINKS

GOLF IN THE STATES: THE AMERICAN MENACE TO BRITISH SUPREMACY.

An Advocate of Chip Shots.

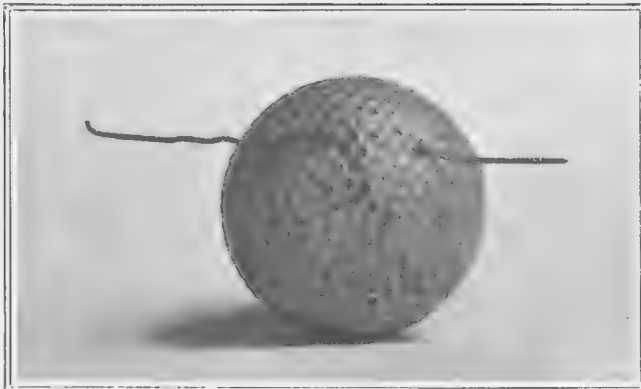
I have just been reading a long article by one of the very best players in America, Alec Smith, who was once a Carnoustie boy, on mashie shots in general and the chip shot in particular; and it is interesting to note that he becomes greatly enthusiastic over this chip shot, because you seldom discover anyone who thinks it worth while talking about or considering as a special stroke, even though they may use it a dozen times in a round. It is really a stroke that is very well worth close study and practice. Smith says he believes he was the first professional in America to realise the possibilities of the chip, and that, though many professionals before his time played the stroke, they did it without knowing its value, and to a certain extent unconsciously. After realising its possibilities and practising at it, Smith says it soon became his most important shot. He won match after match with it, and opponents in tournaments became so nervous when he employed it, so he says, that in consequence they wasted enough strokes to lose the match. The purpose of the shot, he explains, is, when at a distance of about ten or fifteen feet from the edge of the green, to give the ball a short pitch or loft and then let it run down to the hole. The shot is made with both wrists stiff in the back-swing, and the swing is so short that the club really stays on the ground at the point of impact. There is no follow through. The sharp impact given the ball makes it pitch for a short distance and then roll easily. Smith's advice to study this little stroke is good.



ONCE MORE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPION: MR. JEROME D. TRAVERS, OF UPPER MONTCLAIR. The thirty-six holes final of the American Amateur Golf Championship was played at the Garden City Club, New York. Mr. Travers won by 5 and 4.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

it. Things have changed since then. When Harry Vardon first visited the States, thirteen years ago, the American printed descriptions of his efforts, although very enterprising, were amusing to a degree for the mistakes that were made. Now the American



CAN MILITANT SUFFRAGETTES HAVE BEEN SCOUTING THE COURSE? A GOLF-BALL TRANSFIXED BY A HAIRPIN DURING A MATCH AT YARMOUTH.

A correspondent writes: "Playing on the Yarmouth course the other day, a member of the Royal Norwich Golf Club found his ball, on reaching the seventh green, performing some extraordinary gymnastics. The explanation was, as the photograph shows, that a hairpin had in some remarkable way been driven right through the ball. The problem is, what should the player have done? To play the ball was hopeless; was he entitled to change it, or to handle the ball and attempt to extract the wire, without penalty? He attempted this latter, whereupon his opponent claimed the hole."

Photograph by Willis.

But this dissertation has another special interest for me as one who makes it his business to study the progress of the game in different ways and in many different places. It is just one of a series of long articles on the practical side of the game that is appearing in one of the New York daily newspapers, and one that I may say, with all due respect, is not the most serious nor least sensational in its manner. Some fifteen years ago, a Scottish journalist telegraphed to a London newspaper asking if he might contribute something about a sensational finish to a golf championship that had been held up there; but the London editor wired back in the negative, saying that nobody in England understood golf or cared anything about

papers make this game one of their leading sporting features, treat it very well and ably indeed, and give far more space to it than we do in England. They do this because they believe the public interest in it is very great, and also because they believe the game is spreading so rapidly through the country that it will soon be what thousands of Americans are saying it shall be—their national game.

And here we have a great New York daily newspaper trying to teach its readers the chip shot! The circumstances are very impressive. I am in New York myself at the moment; I was here less than a year ago, and, short as has been the interval in between, I can see an appreciable advance in the American game. It is going ahead very rapidly, and if Britain is still supreme in almost every respect regarding the game, I am by no means confident that she will be so in the next generation.

The British Prospects.

In the week when these notes are printed, the

American Open Championship will be played at Brookline, Mass., and one of the most interesting questions that have ever arisen in regard to the playing of the game—whether an American home-bred can beat the flower of British golf in a championship in America—will be decided. I have never shared the extreme confidence of most British golfers that Vardon and Ray between them could win anyhow and anywhere. The facts and circumstances do not justify the belief. One of them may win, but he will have to play uncommonly well. As soon as I landed in America I was given the news that at a tournament just held at Shawnee-on-Delaware,

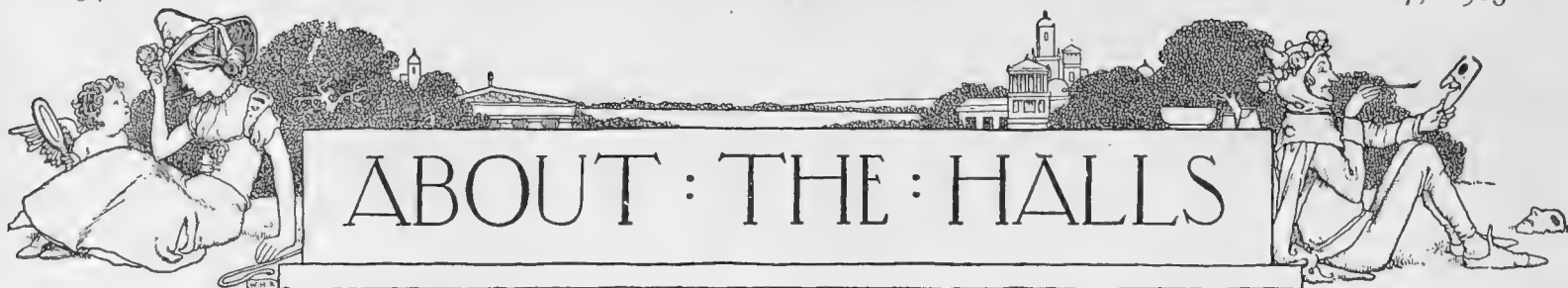
in Pennsylvania, McDermott had come out on top with a score of 293 for four rounds, Alec Smith—the same who speaks in praise of chip shots—being second with 305; Brady, another home-bred, third with 305; Tom Anderson on the same mark; and then Harry Vardon fifth, with 306; and Ray sixth, with 308. Tom MacNamara, the third of the famous trio of American native professionals, was level with Ray. So here we have McDermott thirteen strokes better than Harry Vardon, and fifteen better than Ray. Of course, it may work out very differently at Brookline. The test will be better, and our men will be much better acclimatised. But this Shawnee business makes me and other British golfers out here very uneasy. If McDermott wins this championship we shall never hear the end of it. I cannot help thinking that our men have made a mistake in playing in tournaments of this kind before the championship. They had nothing to gain by doing so—except a few dollars—and very much to lose.—HENRY LEACH.



RUNNER-UP FOR THE AMERICAN AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MR. K. G. ANDERSON, OF BRAE BURN.

Mr. Travers' score was 80, 59—139; Mr. Anderson's was 78, 64—142. The players took the lead alternately, but at the twenty-ninth Mr. Travers was five up.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE DIVINE SARAH : THE WHITE-EYED KAFFIR : A FARCICAL COMEDY.

ME. SARAH BERNHARDT is back amongst us once more, apparently as little susceptible to the attacks of time as ever, and prepared to undertake any amount of work. In the course of her present visit she will be seen in many excerpts from her comprehensive repertoire, "Theodora," "Joan of Arc," and "Cleopatra" being all included in the list; but she elected to

open her season with Act II. of M. Edmond Rostand's "La Samaritaine." Here we get a new departure with a vengeance. The Censor had already stretched a point when he gave his license to "Joseph and His Brethren," at His Majesty's, but that dealt only with the Old Testament. Here we have a play based upon the New Testament presented at the Coliseum—the music-hall, as usual, going one better than the theatre. The Censor, in licensing the performance, insisted upon certain changes being introduced. What those changes exactly were I do not pretend to know, but quite certain it is that "La Samaritaine," as it stands, would not offend the most strictly religious. It simply presents the picture of the Woman of Samaria, whose past has not been unblemished, being gripped by the new faith preached by the Christ, and, in spite of popular opposition, proclaiming her belief, and



A PLAYER AT DALY'S: MISS EVIE GREENE—THE SECOND.

Miss Evie Greene—that is to say, the lady here shown—has not yet attained the high position in her art which has been reached by the other Miss Evie Greene, but shows very considerable talent. She is appearing in "The Marriage Market" at Daly's, and has also been in "The Quaker Girl," "The Count of Luxemburg," and other productions.

Photograph by H. and W. Abdey.

by her eloquence bringing the populace into a state of shouting enthusiasm. I need not say that Mme. Bernhardt seizes the opportunity of displaying her vocal powers. As of old, her voice goes rippling along, and then suddenly bursts into fierce and raucous notes, and she succeeds in giving a fine impression of religious fervour. Perhaps it would all be the more convincing if those she addresses looked in the least like Orientals, but they are all uncompromisingly and undeniably French, with the exception of M. Joubé, who plays the Roman centurion, and does contrive to look Roman. How far the new power of performing studies from the Scriptures will be extended it is impossible to predict, but it seems unlikely that anybody will raise any very serious objections so long as the performances are conducted on the lines of "La Samaritaine." I saw several clergymen in the audience, and they appeared to be extremely interested and in no way shocked.

The Old School. In spite of all the new developments, the elaborate scenic effects, the invasion of the music-hall stage by popular performers from "another place," the prevalence of rag-time and the rest of it, there are still left representatives of the old régime who seem to find no difficulty in maintaining their hold upon popular favour without varying their methods in the slightest degree or exhibiting any intention of

moving with the times. And amongst these is that old favourite, Chirgwin, "the White-Eyed Kaffir." The years come and go, and he can still come on wearing the same elongated top-hat, garbed in the same black tights decorated with a white band, and with the same white lozenge over one eye which we used to see I don't know how many years ago. He is just the same irresponsible creature he always was, now bursting into little snatches of song dealing with the topics of the day, now singing pathetic ballads in a high falsetto, now playing on divers musical instruments, and now making a couple of clay pipes dance a hornpipe on a tin tray. He sees no necessity to make any alteration in his performance. In spite of the Biblical license, he is not going to let his concertina be displaced by the sackbut and the shawm. He just does what he has always done and chats confidentially to the audience and the orchestra, only too glad if someone will interrupt him and give him an opportunity of giving some chaff in return. He is perfectly sure of himself, and is completely confident that the house is glad to see him come on, that it knows precisely what he is going to do, and that it asks for nothing better than a repetition of what has made it laugh in the past. Chirgwin is absolutely correct in his estimate and in his policy, and, if the Tivoli audience is a criterion, he is, despite all modern chops and changes, as great a favourite as he ever was.

More Detectives. The patrons of the Oxford like the fun fast and furious, and they are pretty certain of getting it. I found them the other evening laughing merrily at Jimmy Learmouth's portrayal of the comic hairdresser who has a mania for sneaking into Society, and then, after a few Variety turns, enjoying "The Bombshell," which is described as a farcical comedy, and which introduces us into anarchistic circles. In three scenes we are shown the detectives of London on the tracks of a society of bomb-throwing desperadoes. In their efforts to trap the miscreants they employ a comedian named Mr. Charles Austin to insinuate himself into the anarchist headquarters, where, after his disguise has been penetrated and he is on the point of paying the penalty, he seizes a bomb and blows up the whole gang, passing scathless through the ordeal himself. There is nothing very wonderful about this medley of comedy and tragedy, but the company, detectives and anarchists alike, carry it through with considerable spirit, and Mr. Charles Austin is successful in making the audience laugh, which, in these days of grudging cachinnation, is greatly to his credit. Detective sketches have achieved a distinct vogue in recent times, but as a rule they deal with the discomfiture of virtue by villainy. Here we have virtue triumphant, and the sight of the stage strewn with dead wrongdoers seems to afford satisfaction to those who usually display no sympathy with Law and Order.

ROVER.



ON TOUR: MISS DOROTHY LAWSON TAYLER.

Miss Dorothy Lawson Tayler, here seen as Lola, in "Cavalleria Rusticana," is with the Royal Carl Rosa Opera Company, and very popular.



THE COUPE DE L'AUTO: AN ECONOMICAL CARBURETTER: A NEW FUEL: TALBOT TRIUMPHS AGAIN.

A Great Race To Be.

The Coupe de l'Auto race, set down for decision on Sept. 21, will form a fitting finale to a motor-racing season which has been fraught with interest. No fewer than twenty-four cars are entered, but it is questionable whether more than two-thirds of this total will face the starter. As the race will be run on the Boulogne Circuit, and Sunbeam and Vauxhall cars, in addition to Peugeots, will start, there should be a big attendance from this side. The Coupe de l'Auto is the race which last year was run in conjunction with the Grand Prix of the Automobile Club of France, and in which, in both races, it will be remembered, the Sunbeam triplets so covered themselves with glory. One hopes that the Vauxhall cars will have better luck than in the past, for if there is one firm in this country who have any pretensions to compete with the Sunbeam Motor Company in the turn-out of speed-cars, it is the house that hails from Luton. The presence also of cars built in Belgium and America will lend this event a distinct international character. Strange to say, the Argentine Republic is represented by one entry.

Economy Extraordinary.

When motor-fuel could be purchased for 1s. or 1s. 2d. per gallon, consumption *per se* did not weigh so much with the average motor-user as it does to-day, when the unhappy car-owner has to fork out 1s. 9d. for every gallon of petrol his car consumes. Consequently, carburetter-designers now aim at a high combination of economy with efficiency, and these dual qualities appear to be resident in the Smith Four-Jet Carburetter to a very high degree. Messrs. Smith and Son, Ltd., of 179-185, Great Portland Street, W., who are the makers of this carburetter, as well as the well-known Perfect Speedometers, draw attention to a Royal Automobile Club certificate issued in respect of some consumption-tests carried out at Brooklands with a privately owned 15.6-h.p. Shelsley type Crossley fitted with a Smith Carburetter. The car weighed, with passengers, 31½ cwt., and at 20 miles per hour consumed fuel at 36 miles to the gallon. At 30 miles per hour, the consumption was 30 miles to the gallon; and at 40 miles per hour, 24 miles to the gallon. Messrs. Smith and Son draw attention to the fact that the carburetter was just a standard

instrument, with jets considered suitable to the engine capacity, and had not been tuned in any way for abnormal achievement.

Cheaper Fuel Yet. It is not always the hen that cackles loudest that lays the biggest egg, though the silence maintained until lately by the Petrol Substitutes Joint Committee has been instanced as an evidence of slackness on their part in the investigations they were supposed to have in hand. But a few days ago the critics were suddenly

faced with an announcement that the Committee had just completed the investigation of a process by which something like 40,000,000 gallons of a first-class motor-fuel could be produced in this country without taxing our mineral resources or seriously interfering with existing markets. It is further suggested that the system is not the only pebble on the beach; the Committee have close cognisance of many other excellent methods, but for the moment that in question presents the most promise. The character of this system is not described in detail, but we are briefly informed that it is a new cracking (quaint term) process for dealing with one of the heavy series of the by-products of coal which is already produced in large quantities in this country, a great deal being exported annually.

Talbots in the Land of Tara. The successes of the Talbot cars are as the sands of the seashore for multitude.

In private and public competitions alike these high-grade cars prevail persistently. The latest triumph they are entitled to notch to their credit is the Dunlop 200 Guineas Cup—the most valuable trophy offered for motoring competition in the Rosslare Speed Trials, promoted by the Irish Automobile Club, on Sept. 5. Not content with securing this guerdon of price, the Talbot cars won in all the three classes for cars from 10-h.p. and upwards, thus taking three gold medals in addition. In connection with the Dunlop Cup, it is interesting to note that this is a perpetual trophy (that is to say, it cannot be won outright, but only held from year to year by the winner of any particular year), and that this is the Talbot's third win, the last occasion being when the Cup was offered for competition in the Irish Reliability Trials of 1907; it was then secured by a 15-h.p. Talbot against fifty-five competitors



COMING ASHORE: HOISTING MR. ALBERT VICKERS' HYDROPLANE, "IZME," BY CRANE FOR DRY-DOCKING.

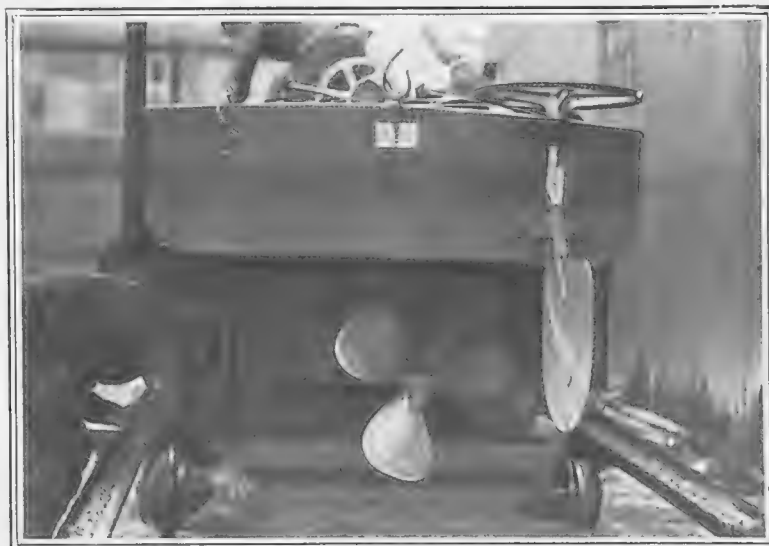
In the Royal Motor Yacht Club's Regatta Mr. Albert Vickers' hydroplane, "Izme," won the second eliminating trial to select the third-boat for the British team to defend the British International Trophy. "Izme," however, failed to get a place in the first race for the trophy.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



"ANKLE DEEP" NOT EVEN ANKLE DEEP: COUNT MANKOWSKI'S MOTOR-BOAT IN DRY DOCK, DURING THE RACING IN OSBORNE BAY, SHOWING THE PROPELLERS.

"Ankle Deep" was third in the first race for the British International Trophy on September 10. She was one of the two American boats competing.

Photograph by Sport and General.



SHOWING THE TILLER PLACED AT ONE SIDE, THAT THE PROPELLER MAY AFFECT IT AS LITTLE AS POSSIBLE: A STERN VIEW OF THE MOTOR-BOAT "DESPUJOLS I."

M. Victor Despujols entered two boats for the British International Trophy—"Despujols I." and "Despujols II." The latter won the first race on September 10.

Photograph by Sport and General.



THE fact that three important "first nights" were arranged to fall in one week means that the managers do not share the general belief that town is empty. And Barrie, Shaw, and Tree audiences proved that the managers know more about the whereabouts of Society than do the people who judge by the strict rules of the seasons, or by the drawn blinds of Mayfair. Even when everybody is, conventionally speaking, away, and when the windows are all closed and screened, London continues to be the headquarters of Society. This has never been so definitely the case as this year. The habit of week-ending in town during holiday time is a new one. But still the blinds, except those of a couple or so of bedrooms, remain drawn. A Duchess may escape the Braemar Gathering and Highland mists, and come to London with a maid on the sly: the servants, as a whole, however, are still religiously sent North, as they expect to be.

Cardinal Richelieu, and the Mazarin book with gem-studded leaves, such were the things that gave her a sort of kindergarten experience in the matter of great possessions. And since the theft of the Irish Crown jewels, she has naturally heard as much as most people about precautions, and their neglect; but the hotel thief is probably quite as cunning as the people who did the business in Dublin.

*Her Grace,
Turf Expert!*

The Duchess of Newcastle frankly takes the reins at Clumber during Doncaster Races. The guests are her guests; she becomes Turf guide even to so learned a sportsman as the Earl of Coventry. The Duchess and her aged guest have both ridden as long as they can remember; only in his case it is a matter of looking back over a period of nearly seventy years; in hers, of something under thirty. It is not easy to bear in mind either the Earl's age or the Duchess's youth. Her rule at Clumber has lasted, it is true, about twenty years, but it began when she was sixteen! And even before that remarkably early alliance she had mastered the lore of field and paddock. She was then, and is still, ready to instruct the wise-aces of the Turf in the chances of a day's events. The only person who refuses to be so instructed is the Duke. The Duchess is a daughter of the late Major H. A. Candy. Her marriage took place in 1889.

ENGAGED TO THE HON. FRANCIS R. HENLEY: LADY DOROTHY GEORGIANA HOWARD.

Lady Dorothy, who is an aunt of the Earl of Carlisle, was born in 1881. Mr. Henley is a half-brother of Lord Henley.

Photograph by Russell.

DAUGHTER OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS DE LA WARR: LADY (MYRA) IDINA SACKVILLE.

Lady Idina was born in 1893. Her younger sister, Lady Avice, was born in 1897.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

decides to make the peerage interesting and put a picturesque baron—as picturesque as Peter Pan and Captain Hook in one—into a play) was at the Duke of York's Theatre the other night. Miss Pauline Chase held the eye of the stalls; and the Duke of Rutland, whom one might have suspected at this time of year of being concerned in the slaughter of grouse, was theatre-going industriously last week. Miss Muriel Wilson, Baroness de Meyer, and Lady Gwendoline Churchill have all discarded tweeds for the more delightful and fantastic wear of first-nighting.

Gents. v. Pros.

Lady Beatrix Wilkinson's loss of rings and a brooch in a German hotel proves the peril, even to a much-cautioned owner, of travelling with jewels. For Lady Beatrix, being a Pembroke, knows the value of valuables. The high walls surrounding Mount Merrion, a family house often occupied by her and her husband, are an object-lesson in careful guardianship; and as a girl she lived among the extraordinary treasures of Wilton House. Queen Elizabeth's yellow locks, Sir Philip Sidney's autograph verses, cabinets which once belonged to

First-Night-Birds.

It was quite easy, last week, to turn the accepted phrase, and to say that everybody was in town instead of out of it. Lord Ribblesdale (who should be Sir James Barrie's model when that delightful writer



1. WIFE OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGH'S FORMER HEIR: LADY ALASTAIR INNES-KER.

Until a son was born to the Duke and Duchess the other day, Lord Alastair Innes-Ker was heir to the Dukedom of Roxburghe. Before her marriage, which took place in 1907, Lady Alastair was known as Miss Anne Breese. She is the daughter of the late Mr. W. L. Breese, of New York.

Photograph by Lallie Charles

2. YOUNGER DAUGHTER OF LORD METHUEN: THE HON. ELLEN SEYMOUR METHUEN.

The Hon. Ellen Methuen was born in 1893. She has one sister and three brothers. Her father, the famous soldier, is the third Baron of a creation dating from 1838.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange



3. SECOND SISTER OF THE EARL OF AIRLIE: LADY HELEN FREEMAN-MITFORD.

Lady Helen Freeman-Mitford, second of Lord Airlie's three sisters, was born in 1890, and married Major the Hon. Clement Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, eldest son and heir of Lord Redesdale, in 1909. Her elder sister is Lady Kitty Vincent; her younger, Lady Mabel Ogilvy.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.

4. SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF DUNDONALD: LADY JEAN COCHRANE.

Lady Jean was born in 1887, and has two sisters and two brothers. Her father, well known as a soldier, is the twelfth Earl of a creation dating from 1669.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Tango Antagonists.

Adeline Duchess of Bedford left last week for Canada and the States, but not before hearing, to her great consolation, that the Portuguese authorities had been seriously considering the question of granting a pardon to all political prisoners already convicted. The fate of those still awaiting conviction, of whose distresses her Grace gave a particularly lamentable account, is less fortunate, but only, it is hoped, for the time being. No such harassing problems as those of the Portuguese prisons await the Duchess in America. Perhaps, if she treats the journey as a holiday one, she will have nothing more serious to consider than the question of fashions in modern dancing. A young

American, recently asked if she liked a certain new step, summed up the situation very forcibly: "It may be very good, but personally, I felt myself more danced against than dancing."



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Lions and Martyrs. In Mr. Bernard Shaw's diverting fable, "Androcles and the Lion," he will shock many pious sensibilities by his portraits of various kinds of "Christians." Certainly the most sympathetic character in the piece—the one who plays *le beau rôle*—is the Lion, who is, as a matter of fact, the best Christian of the lot—or, at any rate, the most disinterested one. He is, to be sure, delightfully acted, with many subtle touches, by Mr. Edward Sillward, whom I hope to see in many more animal parts. The other Christians are, of course, remarkably like personages of to-day who are willing to go to the arena for various important causes. Lavinia, in her uncompromising attitude, might be a member of the "W.S.P.U.," while the bellicose Ferrovius reminds me of a muscular Socialist trying to persuade himself that an era of universal peace is at hand. The "sporting" Emperor, in his diadem and purple robes, is delightful; and the craven Spintho is just one of those abject beings with no mind or convictions of their own who are always to be found hanging on to the fringe of great movements. In short, pit, dress-circle, and stalls will all be able to recognise themselves in Roman dress, either as Christians, centurions, gladiators, fops, or martyrs. Miss Lillah McCarthy's black hair is an agreeable surprise, for I have never seen a female Christian martyr before who had not excessively long golden locks, though how Roman or Byzantine maidens acquired that unusual adornment has never been explained. Lavinia looks what she was—a Roman lady, and an uncommonly handsome one at that.

Why Not Animal Plays?

The undoubted success of the Lion in Mr. Shaw's new play suggests the possibility of animal dramas becoming the fashion. To be sure, I, with the rest of Paris, found M. Rostand's "Chantecler" consumedly tedious, but that was because his cocks and hens were given to uttering interminable speeches in verse. An amusing Christmas play, in which all the characters were cats, seals, penguins, and other engaging creatures would have a commanding success. We are all a little tired of "principal boys," fairies, and what not. Clearly, the turn of what we strangely call our "dumb friends" has come.

Léon Bakst and William Blake.

It was the Oxford graduate who first drew my attention to the fact that Léon Bakst and William Blake—though spiritually poles apart—had each an original genius which was curiously akin. The idea was startling, and left one "furiously thinking." Could the great Russian by chance have

record at Eton, knew not one "traitor word" of French; and here the use of the mere ill-educated woman came in. Here were two ardent and profound souls, eager to communicate their ideas, yet Ollendorf proved inadequate, and "the penknife of the gardener's wife" but a poor substitute for their seething thoughts. But several striking facts emerged from this singular meeting: the influence of William Blake on Léon Bakst, and the great Russian's vision of the future of the drama.

The Future of the Drama.

Like all truly original minds, Léon Bakst projects his imagination far into the future, and there he sees a drama without words. Music, gesture, and dancing, he thinks, will express all the emotions necessary to achieve drama. Already there are many signs that the great public no longer cares for long stage-plays with lengthy speeches. The extraordinary popularity of the cinema show and the music-hall are sufficient indications of the impatience of most people. And more than all, they want to laugh, to go away with a light heart. The time is too unrestful for anything else. When people were fairly happy and contented—or, at any rate, bound down in the groove of convention—they liked to go to the theatre to weep, to have their withers wrung by tragedies and problem-plays. But not so in this twentieth-century melting-pot in which we find ourselves to-day. This is why, perhaps, the spoken drama will gradually disappear, while the emotions will be expressed by music, and the sense of colour, form, and movement will be satisfied by scenery, dresses, beautiful actors and actresses, and an elaboration of the art of pantomime which has only once been attempted, and then in the eighteenth century in France.

New Thrills at the Theatre.

Whatever the Russian Ballet and the Russian designers, producers, and composers have done for us, they have opened our eyes—and incidentally our ears—to new possibilities of the theatre, and have dissatisfied us for ever with the threadbare operatic and theatrical conventions. It is something, nowadays, to get a new emotion, an unfamiliar thrill, when seated in the stalls, but this we certainly achieved when MM. Stravinsky and Nijinsky produced "Le Sacre du Printemps" in the height of Sir Joseph Beecham's season. It was wonderful and sinister, and appealed to the Cave-Man which I suspect is to be found under the softest shirt-front or the most Byzantine bodice. Here the art of pure gesture—there was no dancing as we know it—was elaborated to express all sorts of pristine passions. The music was of an excruciating ugliness, but the whole effect was amazing. The production of this now-famous ballet rent "all London" in twain. The opera-goers who detested it were, I am bound to say, in a large majority, but the minority who did not were not to be put down, and one heard of happy families temporarily divided and loving friendships shattered over a piece of gesture and drum-beating in a playhouse. And all this is to the good. Art must be alive, or it perishes; and better a hundred "Crownings of the Spring" than a servile copying of ancient, mediocre works.



MODES FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN: AN OUT-AND-OUT MASCULINE COSTUME WORN UNDER A VOLUMINOUS OVERCOAT.



MODES FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN: A FANCY COSTUME FOR USE IN THE COUNTRY, WITH A JACKET OF A SOMEWHAT NOVEL CUT,



MODES FOR THE SPORTSWOMAN: A COSTUME IN FINE RATTEEN, WITH BUCKSKIN BELT, GREEN SILK TIE, AND EMPIRE FELT HAT.

been influenced by that little-known Master, the English mystic Blake? It sounded in the last degree unlikely, but it turned out to be true. M. Bakst and the Oxford graduate met, and over my prostrate body, so to speak, they sang their mutual pæans of praise to the author of "Songs of Innocence." For needless to say that my young Oxford friend, having had a distinguished career at that 'Varsity, preceded by a brilliant school

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.

BOLKOW, VAUGHAN AND COMPANY.

THE Report of this great North of England firm bears eloquent testimony to the prosperity which the Iron and Steel trades have been lately enjoying. Last year the results were disappointing, net profits being down to £209,900, and the dividend consequently reduced from 6 to 5 per cent.

The Report now presented shows that profits have more than doubled, being £525,600. Of the increase, £137,300 is utilised in increasing the dividend on the Ordinary shares from 5 to 10 per cent., and £160,000 is written off capital account. During the year the Company spent £210,250 upon new plant, and of this sum £35,200 is now written off.

Turning to the balance-sheet, a much stronger cash position is now revealed, the amount under this head being £114,000, against only £2200 a year ago; but it can hardly be contended that £150,000, or £310,000, if the amount written off capital account be included, is a generous provision for depreciation of properties which stand in the books at over four million pounds.

One rather noticeable feature of the Report is the increase in stocks, which have advanced from £584,300 to £807,000, and this rather confirms our own view that the tide of business is tending to recede.

It will be remembered that after the record year of 1907, the profits had a heavy fall—from £607,000 to £370,000 in 1908. We do not suggest that the drop in this case will be as sudden as this, because it is far too early to prophesy, but we do not think the next results will equal the present figures.

The Company's dividend record has always been a fluctuating one, and under such circumstances the wise man sells when times are good. We refer, of course, to the Ordinary shares, as the Debentures are well secured, and the Preference a very fair holding.

THE LEOPOLDINA RAILWAY.

The Foreign Railway Market suffered even more than the rest of the Stock Exchange from the unfortunate course of events during the first half of this year, and even now does not show signs of very great improvement. Certain stocks, however, would well merit the attention of investors, and among them none more than that of the Leopoldina Railway.

Last year, it will be remembered, the dividend was raised from 2 per cent. to 4 per cent., and during the current twelve months the position has decidedly improved. General goods and passenger traffics have shown a steady increase, gross receipts to date being no less than £133,481 higher than last year. In addition to this, the coffee crop in the district served by this railway is expected to be considerably heavier than last year.

The directors have always had a reputation for conservatism in the matter of dividends, but as it only requires £57,000 to pay 1 per cent. on the stock, it would not be at all surprising to find the distribution increased to 5 per cent. when the accounts are finally submitted.

A while ago we heard a great deal about the unfair competition of the Central Railway, which is a Government concern, but if traffics continue to improve at the present rate, shareholders will be able to ignore this factor. We hear, also, that there is a possibility of some arrangement being made in this connection when the new President takes office in a few months' time. The present price of 68½ compares with 72 twelve months ago, and in our opinion the stock could not be considered overvalued at 75.

ODDS AND ENDS.

About a month ago we referred to the Common shares of the International Railways of Central America, and the price has since risen to 21½-22½. If any of our readers want a speculation which promises to yield a satisfactory profit, and has, of course, some risk, we think a purchase of a few 100 dollar Common shares in this Company worth their consideration.

The line is doing very well, with increases in traffics every month, and, as far as we can calculate, the earnings at present are enough to cover the Bond issue and Preference stock interest, with about 2 per cent. on the Common as well. Some knowledgeable people in London have, within the last two months, acquired a large block of the Common and Preference capital at about 20 and 70, respectively, and before the end of the year it will surprise us if the price does not rise to 27 or 28 for the former. It is, of course, a gamble, but not a bad one. There is a free market, and, at worst, any loss is not likely to be very heavy.

Although very little has appeared in the daily Press as to the labour unrest in the ship-building yards, we fear the position is far from satisfactory. The increase in wages which was granted a month or two back has not succeeded in its object of getting better work out of more contented workmen. Whether the men's leaders will succeed in changing the present state of affairs, or whether

the masters will have to resort to a lock-out, we do not know, but clearly some change will have to be made.

The Victoria Falls and Transvaal Power Company made further substantial progress during 1912. Profits rose £123,000 to £446,400, but of this £50,000 was required for additional Debenture charges. The directors have also wisely decided to increase the amount applied to depreciation to £102,000. Only one year's arrears of Preference interest is paid, but the carry-forward is just doubled at £96,800. This is encouraging.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY OFFICE.

"Words, words—a weary wilderness of windy, worthless words," quoth the Rubber expert.

"What on earth—?" began the clerk, nearly speechless at the carefully prepared impromptu.

"Reform of rubber-selling methods, with a capital 'R' to Reform," explained the first speaker. "How the devil do they think a pooling arrangement and selling agency can work?"

"It works all right with nitrate," suggested the clerk.

"All the Companies are producing the same article; with rubber they're all producing different ones. Besides, you're dealing with an article which can be produced at a shilling, and you think you can artificially keep the price up to three shillings. It's fantastic!"

"Like a play by Bernard Shaw," said the clerk: "only comprehensible to Great Minds."

"What about Copper and Copper shares?" inquired the senior partner, who hadn't been very interested in the Rubber question.

"Copper figures are good enough," said the clerk; "but if the trade boom is really slackening, the consumption will fall off. The shares may be all right for a quick turn, but not to hold very long—except, perhaps, Kyshtims."

"Why the exception?" asked the Rubber expert.

"Well, for one thing, there's a protective duty of £25 a ton in Russia, which is useful, and they ought to pay something like 35 per cent."

"I hear Tintos will probably get 45s. as the next dividend," remarked the senior partner.

"Hope springs eternal," replied the clerk; "but I should feel inclined to bet they don't get more than last time—that is, 40s. Anyhow, they are better left to the rich and rash—they're not for the likes of us."

"Tin shares don't do much good, do they?"

"No," agreed the senior partner. "What a pity Harry's not here—he'd tell us all about them. I see South Crofty went up a quarter last week, though."

"I think they'll go to three," said the clerk; "and I honestly believe they're worth it."

"Mines are such a hopeless market," remarked the Rubber expert, "that it hardly seems worth touching them."

"One must do something for a living, and it can't be worse than backing horses"—this from the clerk, who had been to Doncaster—"and, if you want a really good tip, take my advice and buy Van Ryn Deep. The first crushing was jolly good, and I reckon they'll pay at least 25 per cent."

"Rhodesians?" queried someone.

"Not until Chartered are up to twenty-eight or thirty shillings again."

The still-more-senior partner appeared on the scene at this moment, looking so exceedingly cheerful that the clerk inquired whether he'd got a pain.

"To tell you the truth," was the answer, "I'm going to see the little Lady at the Palace this evening."

"I don't think he ought to go," said the Rubber expert; "but, there, it isn't so much what you see as what you keep on thinking you're going to see."

"Humph!" said the still-more-senior partner. "It sounds like a series of disappointments."

A shout of joy greeted this confession of faith—or rather, of hope—and when he tried to explain he only made things worse. Thus are the unwary delivered into the hands of their enemies.

Saturday, Sept. 13, 1913.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

INSURANCE.—(1) Hold. (2) (a) Good; (b) Sound; (c) Also sound as a lock-up, although the market is not a very free one.

EXCHANGE.—You would probably see a quicker profit on certain other shares, but if your shares show you a loss you had better hold them a little longer.

M. M.—With all due respect, we have never heard a sillier suggestion. BLAIR.—We do not advise the purchase of the Rubber shares. Hold what you have got for the present, but turn them out if we get an improvement in the market during the autumn. We will make inquiries about the mine and answer next week.

F. C. (Maida Vale).—The position, as far as we can ascertain, is perfectly sound, but the recent affair with the Tramway Company has caused some anxiety. Perhaps you would be wise to exchange into something like Arauco 2nd Debs., and use the increased return to make good the lost capital.

THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

The Call of London.

thinking of town again with a greater or lesser thrill of pleasure. I am writing in a fine log stoep, as our Boer brethren would call it, mounted on a hill, with the North Sea lying blue and level before me, a dazzling warm sun blazing away, and the delicious scent of heather down from the hills borne on a breeze as cool and fresh and clean as a breath off an iceberg. The sounds I can hear are the hum of bees, the twittering of linnets, thrushes, blackbirds, and robins, the occasional crow of a cock, and the strident cries of sea-birds. The conditions are perfect, yet I can shut my eyes and imagine the shops in Bond Street, the pleasure of re-meeting one's friends at restaurant or theatre, and the complacent comparing of notes as to holidays. There is no chance of any regular resumption of London society life before Oct. 10 or 11, but until then there is a continual coming and going, new plays to see and discuss, old friends to meet again, and much that has happened in the recess to talk about. London lets us loose awhile only that she may recall us to her fascinating self more surely and happily than ever.

The great Metropolis is an exacting mistress: the little chains by which she attaches are long but strong, and there are few who are not



A LADY OF THE BED-CHAMBER TO THE QUEEN: LADY AMPTHILL, WITH HER ONLY DAUGHTER, THE HON. PHYLLIS MARGARET RUSSELL.

Lady Amptill, formerly Lady Margaret Lygon, is a daughter of the sixth Earl Beauchamp. Her marriage to Lord Amptill, the second baron, took place in 1894. They have four sons and one daughter, Phyllis Margaret, who was born in 1909.

Photograph by Speaight.



MADE A PEERESS BY RUMOUR, AND A COMMONER AGAIN BY FACT: THE HON. MRS. A. R. FRENCH, WHOSE HUSBAND IS HEIR TO LORD DE FREYNE.

The Hon. Mrs. A. R. French, whose husband was reported to have succeeded to the peerage on the supposed death of his father, Lord de Freyne, was formerly known as Miss Amabel Angus, and is a daughter of Mr. William Angus. Her marriage to the Hon. Arthur Reginald French took place in 1902. Lord de Freyne has been ill for some time. The report of his death was announced on Sept. 11, and the same evening was contradicted.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The Royal Wedding. I am not going to tell all sorts of things about this event, which is interesting everyone, because at this juncture there is nothing at all authentic to tell. It will all be according to precedent, and the wedding of their Majesties is to be the precedent. Also, it is known that there will be two royal brides and bridegrooms present—Prince and Princess Ernest of Cumberland, and King Manuel and Queen Augustine. Beyond this, nothing is known, nor will any definite information be available until October. I know where the trousseau is being

made, and when the Princess Royal gives permission I shall know some details about the most interesting part of it. Meanwhile, I know nothing more. The Duke of Connaught is going on with his preparations for returning to Canada directly after the event. Whether the Duchess will be able to go just then is a question. Prince Arthur looked very well in Highland dress, with kilt of the Royal Stewart tartan, at the Braemar Games, and he was given a Highland welcome by those assembled and by the clansmen. Wherever he has been and wherever he goes, there is a warm and abiding admiration and liking for him established. Of the young Duchess little is known; she has her social laurels before her—no doubt she will soon have won them, and will be heartily wished long life to wear them.

A Jumble of Seasons. I believe the Clerk of the Weather puts them all in a bag and takes out spells haphazard. Doncaster has been treated to warm, bright days, so that dresses which it was too cold to wear in London in July answered admirably for Yorkshire in September. Dress there gave no criterion of what is to be, save that there were flounced skirts; it was, on the whole, much more a *résumé* of what has been, and, as such, revealed several quite pretty effects in drapery. Bolero coats were in great numbers and variety, and in one instance, of bright-yellow worn over green, struck a bright parakeet-like note of colour that was very effective. I am told that leading tones for autumn will be seaweed-pink and wrack-brown. Walking on the strand here one day last week, after a high wind from the north-east, I could appreciate what a lovely soft, almost raspberry, pink it is, and what a lovely bronze brown!

The Tanned Neck. A sunburned neck is quite picturesque on a sun-warm day—the owner youthful and picturesquely dressed, the surroundings countrified and simple. A sun-brown girl has just been here for tea, having played thirty-six holes at golf: her wide-brimmed hat well secured; a straw-coloured Ninon blouse with an open low collar, secured by a knot of dark, rich, Venetian-red silk; her skirt of tweed almost the same colour as her blouse. She had gleaming white teeth and bright brown eyes, and made a picture. She said, however, that she would want a lot of bleaching out and seeing to before she could hope to shine in evening frocks. Hundreds of girls who have deliberately tanned their necks low down this year will not be sensible enough to get "bleached out and seen to"; others have turned red, and their necks are horribly suggestive of the homely mustard plaster. Others have worn wide-meshed net over their necks, and have been horrified to find the mesh transferred to their skins.



YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST EARL OF LIVERPOOL: LADY ROSAMOND SYLVIA DIANA MARY FOLJAMBE.

Lady Rosamond Foljambe, who was born in 1893, is the youngest of the ten children of the late Lord Liverpool by his second wife, Susan Louisa, Countess of Liverpool, daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel William Cavendish. Lady Rosamond has four sisters and five brothers, and is half-sister to the present Earl of Liverpool, Governor of New Zealand.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



TEMPORARILY ENNOBLED BY RUMOUR: THE HON. A. R. FRENCH, SON AND HEIR OF LORD DE FREYNE, WHO WAS WRONGLY REPORTED TO HAVE DIED.

The Hon. Arthur Reginald French, whom the false report of his father's death temporarily raised to the peerage (in popular belief) the other day, is the only son of Lord de Freyne by his first wife. The family, one of the oldest in Connaught, traces its descent from Walter French, chief magistrate of Galway in 1445. In 1905 the Hon. A. R. French disappeared in New York, and was found about a month later to have enlisted as a private in the United States Army.

Photograph by Lafayette.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"A Wife Out of Egypt."

BY NORMA LORIMER.
(Stanley Paul.)

"In 'A Wife Out of Egypt' Miss Lorimer has introduced to fiction a singularly beautiful and gifted nation, the Syrians, brought up as Europeans, who are white people in everything but race." So writes Mr. Douglas Sladen in a preface to Miss Lorimer's story. The eternal tragedy which man's social conventions make out of a mixture of race is always a good and effectual motive in a novel. Stella Adair has all the sound qualifications for a heroine in her personal charms; but Stella whisked out of her *chic* school in Prince's Gate at sweet-and-twenty and transferred to the paternal element in Cairo as Hadassah Lekejian is the rose gilded for romance. There is her fair, straight young English lover too, with the military cut and the traditional military brains: who could forbear anxiety to learn how he shall behave when fate takes his regiment to Cairo, and sets him the old copy-book lesson that East is East and West is West? Stella learned it first. She found her family rich and responsible, but shunned by the English. She had been the pet of "Naughtie's" exclusive school in Kensington, but Cairo "society" would not know her. Half-Irish by birth, and English by training and attitude, she had to learn that Egypt reckoned her wholly Syrian, and, as such, a social outcast. She had pride, and when it was at its rawest her lover joined her in Cairo. He, too, had accepted Kensington values on her behalf; he was to awaken to Anglo-Egyptian ones. It is all rather sad, and quite inevitable. Hadassah's charming brother, whose culture and distinction lie under the same ban, shares his sister's experiences up to a point. And, by way of illustrating the *raison d'être* of much that might look snobbish on the part of "the right people" in Cairo, we make acquaintance with Girgis, Stella's cousin, who is a full-blooded Syrian; we peep into his house and behold his mother, and even his aunt! Then everything is explained. But the individual case remains, and Stella is too good a specimen of womanhood to be lost to the English, so everyone will be glad that an Englishman is found sufficiently strong to claim her, even though he does give half of himself to her country. There may be "little colour" about Miss Lorimer's heroine, but there is plenty in her background. Those highways, the most picturesque in the world, still peopled by Moses and Aaron and all the prophets—for the type is an eternal one—shine hot and white along the story beneath blue Eastern skies. And along them trot white donkeys hung with turquoise necklaces and silver chains, to carry lovers

towards ruined temples. Colonnades of lotus-bud columns springing into the violet of the Theban twilight should lend a classic dignity to the love-making of the most English officer that ever was. Besides which, there is much social politics, and impressive reading they make to the stay-at-home person who can never hope to sample them personally. Perhaps the one dubious affair is the *chic* school at Kensington. That its pet scholar should go East and expound Swift to a native as "a great English writer who loved a girl called Esther Vanhomrigh, whom he named 'Stella,'" gives one to doubt.

"War in Space."

BY LOUIS GASTINE.
(Scott Publishing Co.)

M. Gastine's flight into European politics is as daring as any performed by his hero, nor is his mechanism less ingenious than that of the Voisin biplane that carried the said hero from Paris to Berlin on his mad errand. A very wicked German Chancellor having precipitated war with France unbeknownst to the Kaiser (not, you may reckon, without the aid of a lovely and unscrupulous woman), it merely behoved M. Gastine, as a Frenchman, to see that his hero was put in possession of a new explosive: just little pills put up in glass tubes, but dropped a crumb at a time from an aeroplane, and devastating beyond the dream of any War Office. A port, a canal, an island, the whole German fleet, and the German capital were thus annihilated. Such a "bonny cripas" naturally precipitates the end of the story, which enshrines a pleasingly gallant aviator who surely hailed from Tarascon!

"Before the Dawn."

BY KATHERINE JAMES.
(Chapman and Hall.)

This is a Roman romance of the middle nineteenth century. It has been carefully and conscientiously put together. Everything has been remembered which could make it, in the Devonshire phrase, "fitty." The heroine brings an English strain to her Italian patriotism. She has a fraudulent guardian and a faithful nurse. She has two lovers. The Englishman is unhappy in a twin-brother whose striking resemblance is a misfortune. The Italian's love is a hopeless one. He becomes a monk, and buys the Englishman's life with his own. A bad Cardinal and a good monk help on the story. The lovers marry, and determine to revisit Italy when she calls them. Great figures of Mazzini and Garibaldi come and go. There are scenes in the Quirinal, and fighting in the streets. Garibaldi is generally in this last—on a white horse. He is always doing something touching or dignified or worshipful. He did once slash a daisy with his stick, but he immediately gathered it to his red shirt. "Before the Dawn" has no light moments. But neither have royally

(Continued overleaf.)

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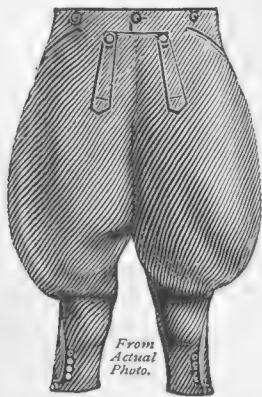
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with the Argyllshire Gathering; Wedding Bells in Societv; Miss Maxine Elliott as Zuleika; "Joseph and His Brethren," at His Majestv's; Results of Léon Bakst's Creation of Modern Dresses; "Androcles and the Lion," at the St. James's; "The Harlequinade," at the St. James's; Brassard and Breast-Badge Blouses.

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Sept. 17, 1913.

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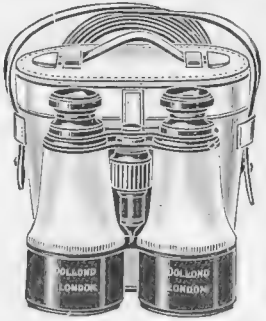
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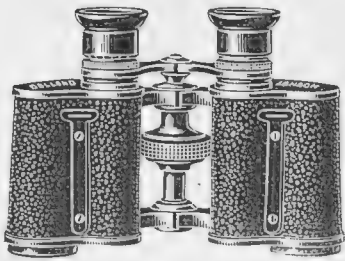
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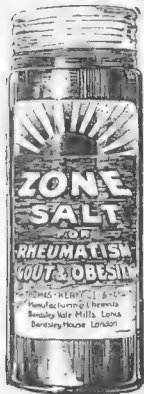
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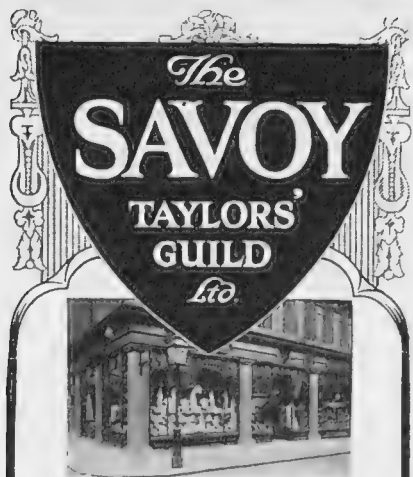
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The IDEAL HEALTH BEVERAGE.

Instead of Tea, Coffee or Chocolate, take each morning a cup of the delicious French PHOSPHO-CACAO. You will find it has a distinctive flavour that is most refreshing, and a stimulating effect upon the system.

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An ideal food for the Anæmic, the overworked, the aged, and all who suffer from indigestion, nervous exhaustion, sleeplessness.

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without danger to other animals and without smell from dead bodies. In tins ready prepared with the bait. Virus for Rats, 2/6 and 6/-; for Mice, 1/6. Of all Chemists.

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Every Garment made by MORRIS is the result of expert tailoring in its highest form.

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We have £5000 of Secondhand Jewellery to dispose of. This is a unique opportunity to secure a bargain. Please write for Special Secondhand List, Post Free.

TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON.

Fine Diamond Ring, £55.

Beautiful Diamond Ring, mounted in Platinum, £11 10s.

Continued from page 352.]

commissioned historical subjects. Nor, one might add, do they bear great resemblance to actuality. Yet a national sense cherishes such efforts as symbols of an idea—of courage or patriotism or loyalty. And in that niche a gravely constructed historical romance like "Before the Dawn" has its honoured place.

"Collision."

By BRIDGET MACLAGAN.

(Duckworth)

This is one of those novels, generously printed, where the bold type holds a phrase out to the idle turner of the pages at every glance. Very soon the idle turner drops into an absorbed attention. And Miss MacLagan never lets a reader go after that. All this might have been said in one word—"arresting"—and much ink saved; but it is a word reviewed out of all meaning, till it would be hard to suggest a duller mood on the part of a fellow-creature who comes to give you his impressions than when he says he has found something "arresting." It becomes a temptation to consider what has been arrested. "Collision" is a story of India and English government; it is also a story of three or four very real people: two of them, an Englishman and his wife, both doing their best—a best built on intimate experience—for the strange alien races they governed; and two, fallen into their blue from the grey of English horizons, with purposes of revolt and revolution, which blank ignorance coupled with lack of reflection lured them into spelling as Freedom. One of these—a woman—is a remarkable study of feminine modernity: such a good heart, beating full and truly to fine instincts; such a poor head, confounding the heart and upsetting the whole magnificent system of her! How many novelists have given us a heart running away with a head! It is Miss MacLagan who has given us a head running away with a heart—on the whole,

a more deplorable loss of balance. Her Indians are delightful studies, whether cultured, merely cunning, or belonging to the category of domestics. Here is a picture of one of them, the Commissioner's valet: "At half-past six, Samuel . . . shouted from the bath-room that the bath was ready. Such promptness on the part of Samuel had not come to that native Christian with his mother's milk. Slowly and painfully, week after week, it had been produced in him. For months, shaking with palsy under the terrific blast of his Sahib's roars, he had run to do his blasphemous bidding, and for months, mournfully, he had gazed upon that red face, with its terrible blue eyes that saw to the bottom of one's sickening soul, and its moustache the colour of ripe corn; in terror, and adoring him with superstitious awe, had achieved perfection." Nor should one forget, amongst a great deal to be thankful for in this enthralling story, that very picturesque native curse: "May his soul wander in the body of a eweless ram for a thousand years."

Some discussion has been aroused by our heading, "The Continental Tyre," to a humorous drawing by Mr. Wilmot Lunt which appeared in our issue of Aug. 20. The picture showed an old countryman and his ponderous spouse standing before a nude statue of a woman in an art gallery, and exchanging remarks about her figure. Obviously, the heading—for which we are solely responsible—was merely facetious, and had no ulterior meaning. As, however, it has been taken in some quarters to be an advertisement of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, we have been asked by them to state that they had nothing to do with the illustration or its title, which was merely a play on a well-known association of words.

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NON-POISONOUS

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"How to Disinfect" Book Free.

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HILL STREET,
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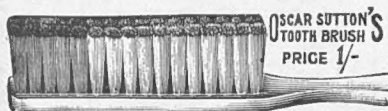


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*Refuse cheap substitutes
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If you have any difficulty in obtaining our goods, we will supply you.

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*Convenient Terms. Pianos of other
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"King's Head" is similar but stronger.

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No. 284

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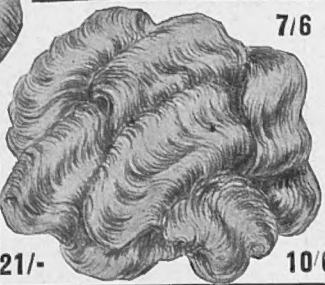
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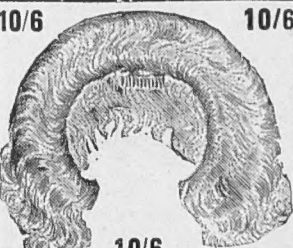
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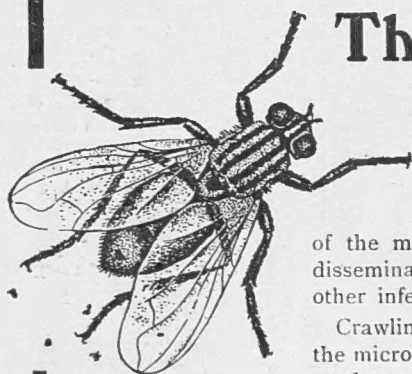
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INVISIBLE FRAME.
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The deadly House-Fly

This domestic pest is now recognised by scientists as one of the most important factors in the dissemination of infantile diarrhoea and other infectious diseases.

Crawling over food, and depositing the microbes gathered from the unclean products of nature, the house-fly is too often the winged messenger of death.

Protect your home against this vehicle of deadly disease by disinfecting all household utensils and all manure heaps, etc., with

Jeyes' Fluid

Add it to water used for washing floors and sanitary appointments. Cleanse sinks, drains, lavatories, etc., every day with Jeyes' Fluid.

Sprinkle it freely in dark corners, crevices, etc., where flies breed, and thus destroy the larvæ before they develop into flies. For all disinfecting purposes use Jeyes' Fluid.

Remember that flies dislike Jeyes' Fluid, and will instantly vacate places where it is used.

By Royal Warrants of Appointment during three Reigns.

To H.M. King George.



To H.M. Queen Alexandra.

JEYES' SANITARY COMPOUNDS Co., Ltd.,
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To make you Healthier and Stronger!

NO TONIC FOOD in the world has been so highly honoured by the medical profession as Sanatogen. Fresh proof of this is afforded by the fact that the jury of the great International Medical Congress (held in London last August) gave their *highest possible award* to Sanatogen—and *only to Sanatogen*, selecting it from all other tonics and nutrients!

Think what this means! A special committee, composed of the cleverest doctors in the world, have publicly indicated that Sanatogen is the best thing of its kind in existence—that there is no other tonic or nutrient so good as Sanatogen! What stronger proof can you ask that Sanatogen will indeed make you "healthier and stronger"?

Take a Course of Sanatogen.

It is no fleeting stimulus that Sanatogen gives, but steady improvement, day by day, with never a set-back, until your new health is firmly established and you no longer need Sanatogen.

"Nerviness" will disappear. You will really be stronger and more vigorous. You will eat with appetite, digest well, and sleep soundly. There will be more colour in your cheeks, more light in your eyes, more "spring" in your walk.

Instead of being irritable, gloomy and apprehensive—you will be good-tempered, cheerful and calm. Instead of feeling tired and listless, you will tackle the day's work with real energy and enjoyment.

And these effects will *remain* after you cease taking Sanatogen; for the good which it does is permanent.

Especially is Sanatogen recommended for convalescents, for elderly people and weakly children, for anæmic persons, for women before and after confinement, for nursing mothers, and for all who suffer from gastric disorders and other digestive troubles. Above all, when the nervous system is exposed to excessive strain through overwork, worry, or emotional shock—Sanatogen is of the greatest possible benefit.

Sanatogen is simply the purest, finest protein—perfectly "phosphorised" by a unique patented process—and forming a special chemical compound which cannot be imitated. It is thus a true cell food as well as a safe and natural invigorator.

Take a few weeks' course of Sanatogen. All Chemists sell it from 1s. 9d. per tin, and you can obtain a Free Trial Supply by writing to A. Wulff & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C. (Please mention this paper.)



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